THE

SCHOOL FOR INGRATITUDE:

A COMEDY.

This piece was distributed gratis, at Mr. Bell's Shop, in 1798.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SEYMOUR, ... a merchant, retired from business.
PERKINS, ... the Hero of Ingratitude: adopted by Seymour.
HOPEFUL, ... natural son of Seymour.
JANUS, ... an old knavish philosophical necessarian.
QUICKSCENT, ... a dinner-hunter: Hopeful's acquaintance.
Major O'CONNELL, ... Seymour's friend.
Marquis de VERNEUIL, an honourable emigrant, preparing to settle on one of Seymour's farms.

RETAIL, ...
TOTTER, ... } Janus's creditors.

Two RUFFIANS, ... in the pay of Perkins.

HUMPHREY, ...
GREGORY, ... } Seymour's servants.

BARON, *and* .....
MARQUIS, ... } visitors in the Janus family.

Waiter at an Eating-house & *Butcher*, and other incidental Characters.

LEONORA, ... married to Perkins.
LOUISA, ... deceived by Perkins, and nominally his wife.
Marquise de VERNEUIL.
Mrs. JANUS.
Miss JANUS.
CLACKIT, ... maid to Louisa.

PEGGY, *and* .....
SUSAN, ... } Seymour's maid-servants.

QUASHEBA, ... negro wench to the Janus family.

SCENE: *London*, till the Fifth Act: then at SEYMOUR'S Country Seat, at *Norwood*.

"THOU SHALT NOT STEAL."

THE

SCHOOL FOR INGRATITUDE:

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS:

So LIKE, in *many* Points——in ONE, so UNLIKE!

"CHEAP LIVING."

"HE THAT'S UNGRATEFUL HAS NO CRIME BUT ONE." *Young.*

..... "HUIC *UNÆ* POTUIT SUCCUMBERE *CULPÆ!*" *Virg.*

N. B. WITH AN EXPLANATORY—COMPARATIVE,

AND

COINCIDENTAL PREFACE.

"*THOU SHALT NOT STEAL.*"

THE

SCHOOL FOR INGRATITUDE:

A

COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

Presented—to a Manager of Drury-Lane, in March 1797:
**Curtailed*—by his Direction, and *returned* to him in May:
Finally—and *after* the Comedy, or Farce in Five Acts, called "CHEAP LIVING" (so LIKE it, in *many* Points!—in ONE, so UNLIKE it!) had been produced at Drury-Lane,———
Returned;—with a Note from A Prompter; which the Author has not perused——

* Further curtailments being avowedly reserved for the day which—— *ought to have come.*

"*Discite justitiam, Moniti!*" &c.

LONDON:

Printed for—the CURIOUS in LITERARY——shall we say—? COINCIDENCE! †

† See the Preface—and then——the Play.

TO BE HAD OF J. BELL, NO. 148, OXFORD-STREET.

PROLOGUE.

(To be ſpoken,—if at all, by a Lady, with the ſuppoſed Manuſcript of the Play in her hand.)

FIRST, let me ſay, in accents clear, yet mild,
That Gratitude is Nature's faireſt child.
Hence, let our Youth, while train'd to virtue, ſhow
What to themſelves, and to their Sires they owe:
Let each fond Nymph, while native charms expand,
Prize,—love,—careſs a mother's guardian hand.
Let all proclaim that Good for Good is fair;
And, to be grateful, bliſs beyond compare!——
All Huſbands, ſure, *their* Lot of Lots adore!——
And, as for Wives——I'm one.——I ſay no more.

How *grateful* are the *Choſen Race!*
(Not of Iſrael, mind me.——)

(Continues the line) Our Choſen Race, who *ſit*,
Embench'd and ſnug!——Like you, Sirs, in the Pit.
But not, like you, all ſilent thro' the ſcene;
Nor heedleſs of the means that——*brought them in.*——
You'll frown, I know, if more on that I ſay?——
No,—No,—Let's ſee,—Aye, come, let's ſee this Play.

(Opening the ſuppoſed Manuſcript.)

Beyond our ſphere we Women ſhould not roam:
Enough for us, I think, to——rule at home.
Ours be the taſk good puddings well to mix:
But ne'er to dabble in rude Politics!

(After looking at the Manuſcript.)

So! *Five* ungrateful Acts!—Well!—Mercy on us!
May ſuch a Bard ne'er ſhare a Loan, or Bonus!——

(Pointing to the Side Scenes.)

Ha!—there he ſtands! as any pancake flat!
He bids me ſay what ſoon we muſt be at.——
Here goes to ſerve him—

(Looks at the Manuſcript.)

——— What a plot he's hit on!
To make a man ungrateful!—tho' a Briton!
And then a two-faced knave his group among,
To ſay that all is Right, and prove it Wrong!
More wives than one he adds, to bear things thro':
But—Why not give his ſcoundrel more than *two?*
———Whether ſuch things may paſs from Act to Act?
Be, or by hiſſes quaſh'd, or plaudits back'd?
Approv'd, or ſcouted?—Meet with frowns or lures?
All this, kind Sirs! is *his* look-out—and *yours*.
Enough for me that, while he ſtands the teſt,
I play my part, and fairly do my beſt.
Thus will I act, to all paſt favours true;
And bend, as now—in—gratitude to you.
(*Going;—returns.*)
Plague on this Bard!—I wiſh his maw were cramm'd!
His Play too—hold!—I muſt not ſay,—be—damn'd.
Think, how he bribes me to ſecure his fate?
By vowing—I'm a charming Advocate!
But, when I hold my hand,—he frowns!—nay, worſe!
He ſhews (Heav'n bleſs the man!) an *empty* purſe!
As if fine ſpeeches, to cajole a nation,
Without reward or fee, were now the faſhion?
Then, ſpare him!—ſpare him *not*,—upon your lives!
But, take his Play——as men *muſt* take their wives.

EPILOGUE.

(*To be ſpoken, if at all, by a Lady.*)

THIS truth is clear, as e'en the mid-day ſun,
That Womankind and Gratitude are one.
Is proof requir'd ?—Go back as far as Job :
Aſk all the huſbands :—aye, on all the globe.
Survey our ſex : young, middle-aged, or old ;
Take pert, or prude, the meek-ey'd, or the ſcold :
One way for foibles all can make amends :
For all are grateful !—where they gain their ends.
Obſerve Miſs Lure !—Young Touchwood ſighs to have her :
Is ſhe not ever grateful for the favour ?
Well pleas'd to find him, nor moroſe, nor jealous,
She gratefully *exalts* him !—'bove his fellows.
Does Touchwood murmur at the flouncing ſway ?
Why !—She's a woman !—and *will* have her way.
Aſk you, what fortune this *dear* fair one brought ?
Blue eyes, fine teeth, ſmall mouth, and—ne'er a groat !
Old wives are always grateful. Nay, 'tis ſaid
That Gratitude *may* warm the ancient Maid !
To manly ſway ſhe'll yield, nor deem it rude.
Such is the pow'r of bliſsful Gratitude !
For Widows—Hem !—an ancient ſtory goes,
How ſhe of Epheſus retriev'd her woes :—
When, not content to wanton and to fib it,
She fairly clapt old Geoffrey on the gibbet.
The learn'd agree, that well the matron ſped,
Who thus, to ſave the living, *rais'd the dead !*
" Pſhaw !—Falſe !"—I hear a female critic ſqueak :
" What's that to us ?—The woman was a Greek !
" Soon, or not ſoon, dried up the *grateful* tears,
" Do modern widows marry grenadiers ?"
No ! the rough cap might fright the widow'd fair :
But, a young trooper ſuits her to a hair.
Our Britiſh dames, you'll own, are wondrous nice !
Frailty they hardly know :—and, as to vice,
'Tis out of date !—to name it quite abſurd !
Since lenient *foible* is the only word.

Thus let it be! and every Britiſh dame
Be, as moſt fair, moſt true to ſpotleſs fame!
Yes! – Let us prove, meek as the doves that bill,
Penelopes:—at looms:—or, what you will.
But, not Lucretias!—There I won't agree!
Such deſp'rate ſtabbing were too much for me!
(*Looking to the ſide ſcenes.*)
Might I—oh! might I add?—our friend behind here,
Than whom, I vow, I know no creature kinder: —
There pale he ſtands!——I mean our friend the bard!
Oh! might I add!——"he's play'd a lucky card!"*
What then?—What's that to me?—Why—Sirs! I'll own,
That, tho' a bard, perhaps he might *come down?*
'Twas but an hour ago, I heard him ſay,
He *might* do things——?—if you approv'd his play?
If ſo—and ſhould you graciouſly *encore* it?—
Upon my *honor!* I'll be grateful for it!

* A damn'd unlucky card!—as things have (COINCIDENTALLY?) turned out.

SCHOOL FOR INGRATITUDE,

AND

CHEAP LIVING.

PREFACE.

"PRÆ STAT,——COMPONERE FLUCTUS."

COINCIDENTAL NOTE.

BY COINCIDENCE, is meant, in this Preface, that ſimilitude of ideas, expreſſion and arrangement, which may, at times, be, in *ſome degree*, traced in the writings of men between whom there has been no communication—Let us add, of men whoſe productions are or ought to be *genuine*; conſequently, neither *imitated*, *copied*, nor *in any way* PILFERED productions.

By this rule, the curious in literary COINCIDENCE will judge of the Comedy (or Farce) called "Cheap Living;" and of its anceſtor, as it may be deemed, "The School for Ingratitude."

The latter had been almoſt a year in Mr. Richardſon's poſſeſſion, when the *Cheap-Living* play was produced at Drury-Lane. It had never been out of its author's hands, till placed in thoſe of the above gentleman: to be decided on——, *fairly* * of courſe; and, according to *promiſe*, "ſpeedily;—without delay." This was at a time when Mr. R., *avowedly*, had no play worth notice in his collection †. The author—after abridging his comedy on a ſcale and in a manner recommended by Mr. R., returned it, under a reliance that it would be the *firſt* of the next ſeaſon; unleſs a *better* ſhould be preſented in the interim.——Is *Cheap Living* a *better* production?

* The author of the Play, now printed in diſtreſs, is ſo far from ſuppoſing Mr. R. to have decided *unfairly* on his performance, that he has great cauſe to believe Mr. R. (who has judgment) never decided on it at all;—had not looked into it when the *Cheap Living* play came before the public. There was a want of *promiſed ſpeed* in his manner of doing (or not doing) buſineſs. Farther than this, this deponent judgeth not.

† Mr. R. then declared, that "he was ſorry The School for Ingratitude had not been offered a month ſooner;—(reſting an opinion on the known judgment of the gentleman who "beſpoke for it and the author Mr. R.'s beſt attentions,")—as he was then, *for want of a better*, preparing to bring forward a play merely one degree *above* mediocrity." The play alluded to being "THE WILL," might not Mr. R. without belying judgment, have ſaid, two degrees *beneath* mediocrity?——Without a wiſh to depreciate the productions of another, ſuch is the opinion of the writer of this note. He then obſerved to Mr. R. that what was too late for *one* ſeaſon, would, if approved of, be ready for *that*, in which, *not* "The School for Ingratitude,"—but "*Cheap Living*" *did* appear.

Quam

Quam ſimilis!—at——quam diſſimilis!
Decipimur ſpecie——RECTÆ?

How like!—yet, how unlike!
—Can we be at a loſs in which *was*—which *ought to have been* THE Play?

THOSE who condeſcend to argue in defence of the exiſtence of a Deity, explode the doctrine of abſolute *Chance* as abſurd in itſelf; and that of COINCIDENCE, as wholly inadmiſſible, where the objects under contemplation are complex, ſyſtematic, and ſo variouſly combined, as to form a whole of adapted, and correſponding parts. Proceeding on the great truiſm, that there can be "no effect without an adequate cauſe," they are brought to this philoſophical concluſion,—that the univerſe never could have exiſted without the agency of a Creative Being, capable of producing, of combining ſo wonderful a ſtructure.—"Quam ſimilis!—at, quam diſſimilis!" In the natural world, compriſing beings and eſſences infinitely diverſified, and heterogeneous! In the moral, made up of contending, of claſhing inclinations, paſſions, intereſts, and correſponding characters: yet, in both, all tending to ſtrike harmony from apparent diſcord;—in a word, to produce what we call SYSTEM.

Comparing what is ſmall, yet *complex*, with what is great and ſublime, the Author of "The School for Ingratitude," now publiſhed in diſtreſs, rejects COMPLEX COINCIDENCE as *inadmiſſible: impoſſible.*

He has thought much through life, and read a *little*. Single instances of *coincidence* in writers he has observed, and readily admits; but *complex* ones, to any great extent and variety, he deems beyond the nature and scale of human intellect. "Quodcumque mihi ostendis SIC *incredulus*, odi." That a writer by profession, who had *not* seen HIS QUICKSCENT, HIS DINNER-HUNTER, should have, within a few months of Quickscent's creation, hit upon such a character as that of SPUNGE, is within *possibility*; though (*all things* considered) not a little extraordinary: it is even *possible*, that, in pourtraying this vile SPUNGE, such an author might carry him through incidents *somewhat similar* to those of his *progenitor*, (as he is deemed)—nay, as is *more than once* the case, he *might* put words into his mouth *similar* to those of his *ancestor:* but, not *exactly the same*. This is *liberal* allowance on the score of *coincidence:* and the question is, whether, *in the nature of things, coincidence can* be extended so far as to admit, in BOTH plays, a *Dinner-hunter?*—in BOTH, an *elderly merchant?*—in BOTH, a *son returning from France*, in quest of his father, and of a lady he had there loved?—in BOTH a Mr. and Mrs. ---- (see their names hereafter) to impose on *these merchants, to the prejudice of the heir?*—in BOTH, a *lady living retired*, so as to be suspected by *these merchants* of being *kept mistresses?*—in BOTH—but, for what remains, consult the several COINCIDENTAL sections. The author of this play recommends attention to the subject as a curiosity!—strenuously recommends it to the author, or *compiler of Cheap Living*. One great and final reason why *he* excludes *complex, diversified*, yet *systematic* COINCIDENCE from his creed, is, that the

the admiſſion of it, (in a *plot*, for inſtance in *diverſified characters*, in *ſentiments*, and in *expreſſion* :—) *ſuch* admiſſion would ſtrike at the foundation of his moral, and, as far as they go, his religious principles :—for, if a *complex comedy*, or FARCE, can ſpring from COINCIDENCE, who is to prove to him that a *complex univerſe* may not be in the ſame predicament ?

Conformably to theſe maxims, he ſubmits the following fair queſtion to the curious in literature :

WHETHER, reaſoning from the nature of things, from the ſtructure of the human mind, and that of (one of its moſt complex productions) a comedy ; —WHETHER, the play called *Cheap Living*— WHETHER this *Cheap Living* play—founded, as we are at liberty to ſurmiſe, on *one mode* of *cheap living* unhappily not included in the acts ;— WHETHER it can be thought to owe *virtually* the chief part of its *dramatis perſonæ*, with their ſeveral functions—its *main ſubject* *, its beginning†, its continuation, and its end—to COINCIDENCE ? or to ſome other cauſe, yet unexplored ?

That the queſtion thus propoſed involves another queſtion, and poſſible concluſion, of a moſt delicate kind, is no conſideration for the author of the preſent play. " Fiat juſtitia ! ruat cœlum !" If he *has* been robbed, let the robbery appear.

The ſurmiſe, or, as it may be, conviction on his mind, he ſtates, leſt the ſuppreſſion ſhould be attributed to improper feelings : but that ſurmiſe, or

* Dinner-hunting.

† See, and compare, agreeable to the given references.

conviction,

conviction, is no rule for the judgment of the Public, to which he, fairly, and as a matter of right, ſubmits his queſtion;—only obſerving for the moment, that, if its ſolution muſt be found in mere COINCIDENCE, it will be, in his idea, *ſuch* COINCIDENCE as never before obtained in the annals of literature!——As ſuch, it becomes a literary phenomenon for public curioſity. Never has he ſeen two trees grow up of equal dimenſions; with the ſame number of branches and leaves, and each, or nearly each, leaf ſtreaked in the ſame way:—and he would deem it equally impoſſible for a man (as men are and have been) to leap over a full-grown unfelled oak-tree, as it would be for him to take a jump over St. Paul's. Truth and impoſſibility are ſingle conceptions; while falſehood, and its poſſible achievements, are, unhappily, infinite.

Having ſtated his queſtion, he proceeds to its elucidation under the heads of

1ſt. The dramatis perſonæ of both plays on oppoſite pages, with their leading features.

2d. Their main plans and functions, with references to the pages in each play, as they correſpond.

3d. The points in which, though ſimilar, they, more or leſs, vary: with a brief note of ſuch prominent characters and incidents in "The School for Ingratitude," as, in the opinion of its author, have been *overlooked*, or *omitted*, in "*Cheap Living*."

In this ſurvey, particular attention will be paid to a gentleman of the name of SPUNGE, the hero of "*Cheap Living:*"—a name, which by *ſome, perhaps, may be* deduced from the following paſſage of "The School for Ingratitude:"——

Act iii. p. 36.—PERKINS. [*To Seymour.*] "Never be trifled with, Sir, by an idle man like this! a SPUNGER! an Impoſtor!—a DINNER-HUNTER!"—N. B. alluding to one QUICKSCENT, a DINNER-HUNTER, a SPUNGER, though not abſolutely by name a SPUNGE, who, (School for Ingr. Act ii. p. 22.) ſays, as if *pleading for admiſſion to a dinner*—"You know, *I put nothing out of the way*," &c. (*Vide* the counterpart below.)—Who alſo obſerves, (ſame act and page,) ſpeaking of the *dinner-hunting* plan—"our firſt maxim is, *never to be denied*,"——that is—never to *take* a denial—As for *hints*, we diſregard them entirely!—and, as to doors——"

HOPEF. You don't break them open, ſure?

QUICKS. [*The* SPUNGER, N. B.] No—but, we *watch* them open!—then, with a—"My dear friend! I'm ſo happy to ſee you!—You know *I put nothing out of the way?*—Madam, you look charmingly to-day! and ſo forth——The point is diſputed, perhaps, till an impatient ſervant enters with—(O words of comfort!) 'Dinner's on table, Madam:'—and then, *the Devil's in it* if we *get turned out*, you know?" (*Vide* the following counterpart.)

Cheap Living, Act i. page 12.—SPUNGE, *pleading for admiſſion to a dinner*,—"Don't let him *put himſelf out of the way* on my account—plaineſt eater in the world—" &c.

Act i. p. 13.—"Be with you to ſupper!—you know my way—free and eaſy—never wait for an invitation—" &c.

In this way, Mr. SPUNGE, of Cheap Living, agrees pretty well in his plan with Mr. QUICKSCENT (alias SPUNGER) of the School for Ingratitude.

Quickſcent dearly loves the LARDER, (ſee School for Ingr. p. 34, 35, et ubique.) and, his humble deſcendant SPUNGE is called "The PANTRY-LOVER," (ſee Cheap Liv. p. 25.)

Finally—, for the preſent, ſee Cheap Liv. Act ii. p. 25.

SPUNGE. "Once at a Baronet's table, *the Devil can't get me out again.*'——Thus we have the DEVIL on both ſides! and, the *Devil's in it* if this be not COINCIDENCE with *a witneſs!*—But, let us not foreſtall.——

CHEAP

CHEAP LIVING.

THOU SHALT NOT STEAL.

Before we proceed to the COINCIDENTAL Sections, a few quotations may be ſeaſonable.

PROLOGUE.

"————————to write a good play
Is a taſk ſomewhat hard—— ——"
[*So it ſeems!*]

"Yet a Dramatiſt (*now*,) from examples *ſo rife*,
Need but juſt *look abroad*——and—*take copies*.
—A Dramatiſt now can but hold up *his* glaſs;——
* * * * * * * *
—Content to *pick up*, as he ſaunters along,
Some *anomalous beings*, that ſtart from *the throng*."
[Quere.—*What* THRONG?]

"*He draws from* the *ſpecies*; and thinks he may ſay,
You may *find* of *ſuch beings*, a tribe every day."
[Indeed!—Much ſtock in hand, then.]

"To prevent diſappointment, but not to foreſtall,
To one *little hint* your attention we call:—"
[So do I: viz. *Thou ſhalt not ſteal*—Once more.]

"For this, 'tis *but right* we ſhould tell of *his* plan—
* * * * * * * * *
—*Ah*, kindly adopt the new brat of *his* brain."
[Aye!—of HIS brain!—Quere. *Originally*, and in *many points*, of *whoſe* brain?]

N. B. In what a *hurry* muſt this Cheap Living Play have been *made up!* [Vide the oppoſite p.!—]

Proceed

CHEAP LIVING.

Proceed we to the

EPILOGUE.

" Well! how d'ye like the way of living *cheap?*
—What OTHERS SOW WITH CARE with *eaſe* to reap!"—
[If this be an *honeſt* confeſſion, may it be *good for the* SOUL! ſay I.]

" Our *friendly* bard has ſhewn you all *the way*
To *ſhare* in *every thing*——"
[Erroneous.—*Conſiſtency*, *intereſt*, *dramatic juſtice*, &c. &c. are *wanting*. See Cheap Living throughout.]

" This SPUNGE—is really an ingenious man!"—
[Indeed? ingenious? Aye! as thus— * very *genuine?* too!]

" In ſhort, at once the (*lifting*) tribe to draw,
A race of robbers *not* proſcrib'd by law.
—Yet, while our bard would—*laſh* theſe men of prey,
Who live by *ſhuffling arts*,"—— ——
So may the SPUNGES live *no more*—*on* SPOIL!—"
[Amen! ſays the AUTHOR of the School for Ingratitude.]

* Cheap Living. SPUNGE.
" While there's any *other* mode of cheap living, damme *if I'll* ſteal!"—
Yet—Spunge again—*ſame* act—*ſame* page.
"The man would deſerve to ſtarve who ſhould *refuſe to* oblige you—" (by STEALING! N. B.)—Very *ingenious!*—O! Spunge! Spunge!—and O!——

CHEAP LIVING.

THOU SHALT NOT STEAL.

Before we proceed to the COINCIDENTAL Sections, a few quotations may be seasonable.

PROLOGUE.

"————————to write a good play
Is a task somewhat hard—— ——"
[*So it seems!*]

"Yet a Dramatist (*now*,) from examples *so rife*,
Need but just *look abroad*——and—*take copies*.
—A Dramatist now can but hold up *his* glass;——
* * * * * * * *
—Content to *pick up*, as he saunters along,
Some *anomalous beings*, that start from *the throng*."
[Quere.—*What* THRONG?]

"*He draws from* the *species*; and thinks he may say,
You may *find* of *such beings*, a tribe every day."
[Indeed!—Much stock in hand, then.]

"To prevent disappointment, but not to forestall,
To one *little hint* your attention we call:—"
[So do I: viz. *Thou shalt not steal*—Once more.]

"For this, 'tis *but right* we should tell of *his* plan—
* * * * * * * * *
—*Ah*, kindly adopt the new brat of *his* brain."
[Aye!—of HIS brain!—Quere. *Originally*, and in *many points*, of *whose* brain?]

N. B. In what a *hurry* must this Cheap Living Play have been *made up!* [Vide the opposite p.!—]

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* Cheap Living. SPUNGE.
" While there's any *other* mode of cheap living, damme *if I'll* ſteal!"—
Yet—Spunge again—*ſame* act—*ſame* page.
"The man would deſerve to ſtarve who ſhould *refuſe to* oblige you—" (by STEALING! N. B.)—Very *ingenious!*—O! Spunge! Spunge!—and O!——

COINCIDENCE. SECTION I.

CHEAP LIVING.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OLD WOODLAND, a merchant of fortune.

YOUNG WOODLAND, arrived from Marſeilles, in queſt of a lady whom he there had loved and ſeduced.

SCATTER, who has the ſame kind of dirty work to do as Janus, and from the ſame kind of intereſted views, particularly the *defrauding of the real heir.*

SPUNGE, whoſe *choice* and ſole objects are how to get admiſſion to another's table, or *pantry.*

FARMER COLE.

WILLIAM.

SIR EDWARD BLOOMLY, like nothing in *Bond-ſtreet*, or *nature*;—but, *like Leonora*, in the School for Ingr. *a woman in breeches*, deſtined to detect and confound villainy.

MRS. SCATTER.

STELLA.

ELINOR BLOOMLY, living retired, ſo as to create ſuſpicion in old Woodland, of her being the kept miſtreſs of his ſon.

N. B. An attempt is made to force off ELINOR BLOOMLY by the aid of hirelings.

SCENE, a ſea-port town, and the country *round* it.

COINCIDENCE. SECTION II.

Leading Traits and Functions of the above Coincidental Dramatis Perſonæ.

OLD WOODLAND. 1ſt. A merchant, retaining a bank, *ſomewhere*; managed by a *drunken deputy*; he living retired from buſineſs.——N. B. A *banker*:—yet ſo *retired!*—So heedleſs of what may be going on in the *banking world!* in the world in general! and of the price

COINCIDENCE. SECTION I.

THE SCHOOL FOR INGRATITUDE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OLD SEYMOUR, a merchant of fortune.
HOPEFUL, (*i. e.*) Young Seymour, arrived from France in queſt of a lady whom he there had loved.
JANUS, a knave, whoſe object it is to deceive both Old and Young Seymour; and, in the hope of a large reward from a brother knave, *to defraud the real heir of his fortune.*
QUICKSCENT, whoſe *fate* and main objects are, how to get admiſſion to another's table, or *larder.*
HUMPHREY, and other ſervants. (The ſervants are *mere* ſervants in both plays.)
MAJOR O'CONNEL.
MARQUIS DE VERNEUIL.

MRS. JANUS.
LEONORA, in man's attire.
LOUISA, living retired, ſo as to create ſuſpicion in Seymour of her being a kept miſtreſs.

N. B. An attempt is made to force off the MARQUISE DE VERNEUIL, by the aid of hirelings.
SCENE, the Town called LONDON, and the Country *near* it.

COINCIDENCE. SECTION II.

Leading Traits, &c. &c. as per contra.

OLD SEYMOUR. 1ſt. A merchant,—(&c. as per contra, omitting the *bank*, and *no newſpaper*) retired from buſineſs; living in a town, and the country near it.

CHEAP LIVING.

price of STOCKS in particular !—as not even to take in a *newſpaper !* *

2d. Father of a ſon, who returns from the Continent, in queſt of a frail fair one whom he had——(Ha ! will Sir E. Bloomly ſay) ſeduced ;—returns to be belied by the *deputy banker* and his wife, ſo as to be diſcarded, and nearly diſinherited ; while his enemies—(till the cloſe of the FOURTH Act, where all ſuſpenſe cloſes) have a proſpect of getting the precious bank.

3d. Wholly undeceived in the FOURTH Act ; diſcarding his ſon's enemies, and (forgetful of the Widow, Act II. p. 15.) with the large fortune, whom he had determined his ſon ſhould marry, or be diſinherited,)—conſenting in a trice (Act V. p. 67.) to his union with Miſs Elinor Bloomly ; and, (to complete this point,) who, when thus *reſolved* to marry his ſon, moſt fooliſhly aſks the *dinner-hunter*, Mr. *Spunge*, by whom he had been impudently *gulled* and *laughed at* through the piece, whether HE *conſents* to the match ?

4th. Keeping a table ſupplied with exquiſite mutton, (" bad wine, though ! — and damned bad butter !" Act II. p. 17.) at which a DINNER-HUNTER—(an *impudent, cowardly, fruit-pocketing, dinner-hunter*, Nota Bene.) at which *he* makes living points, and (in defiance of dramatic juſtice and probability) ſucceeds ſo well as to get trenchered for life !

5th. Who (like Mr. Seymour on the oppoſite page) agrees to celebrate the joyous concluſion of his anxieties :—to " have a day," or, as Mr. *Spunge* improves the point, " a year of it,"—" ſpread a table," &c. &c.

* Poſſibly, a newſpaper might lie at the Bank, and, by way of economy, be ſent for ſeveral miles, each time it was wanted at—— but no—Old Woodland never read a paper !

THE SCHOOL FOR INGRATITUDE.

2d. Father of a ſon, who returns from the continent, (&c. &c. as per contra, with this difference, that the lady *he* loves excites and *deſerves* compaſſion, from having been *deceived*, but not *debauched*.)—This *eſſential* difference of *rational*, of *meritorious*, of *intereſting* characters in one play, and *vice verſâ* in the other, may be noticed throughout. *Seymour* is a benevolent man, but not a *fool*: he would not have ſuffered a Mr. *Spunge*, at a *firſt* FORCED viſit, to *laugh in his face—damn his butter—empty his tea-canniſter*, and *pocket his fruit*, (Cheap Liv. p. 19.) any more than to tell him, by way of compliment for hoſpitality,—" Aye! you *do* want an *underſtanding*." (Cheap Liv. p. 27.) where note, that the anxieties of *Seymour*, *his ſon*, &c. &c. only cloſe in the FIFTH Act.

3d. Wholly undeceived (&c. &c. &c. &c. and diſcarding, &c. &c. &c. &c. as per contra; only theſe things occur in the FIFTH Act.

4th. Keeping a table, at which——ſay ditto, ditto, ditto, and ditto, as per contra; with the difference of a *brave, faithful, dinner-hunting* GENTLEMAN; inſtead of a *cowardly dinner-hunting* SCOUNDREL. (P. 39, 40, 41. 47, 48, 49. 51. 61. &c.)

5th.—Who—can we ſay better than—? ditto, ditto, ditto, to the end of the chapter?—always noting the difference between *conſiſtency*, and *no conſiſtency*;—*intereſt*, and *no intereſt*;—*ſenſe*, and *nonſenſe*;—*character*, and *no character*:——To ſay, between comedy and *farce*, would be inadequate; for even a *farce* ſhould have more or leſs *conſiſtency* to recommend it.

Thus

CHEAP LIVING.

—to which this *butter-damning*, this *fruit-ſtealing* Mr. *Spunge* is *cordially* invited, *now* and *for ever!* all parties agreeing that his raſcally mode of *cheap living* is "the beſt, *after all*," (Act V. p. 67.) while the young, the pathetic, the ſentimental Sir E. Bloomly, (the man-boy, and the boy-man, or boy-woman,) concludes *moſt admirably*, as follows:——*To* Mr. SPUNGE)—

"For your kindneſs to my ſiſter," (whom *Spunge* had refuſed to protect againſt a raviſher, alleging *cowardice* as his excuſe,) the more you HONOUR!!!!—*honour* me with your company the *happier*——" Can it be neceſſary to quote more?—— What a *conſiſtent!* what a *happy* concluſion is this!—eſpecially to ſo precious a ſcoundrel as this Mr. SPUNGE!

COINCIDENCE. SECTION III.

YOUNG WOODLAND, a hopeful youth, arrives from the Continent;—where he had ſeduced a girl,—whom he follows home—and marries with his father's conſent. (Vide Acts II. IV. and V.)

2d. Who is calumniated by intereſted intriguers; driven from home, &c. &c. (Act I. p. 6.)

3d. Who ſupports his character (as far as it will bear ſupport,) confounds his enemies, and marries her he had betrayed. (Act V. p. 67.)

Mr. and (not to ſeparate the precious *ſhepherd* and *ſhepherdeſs*,) MRS. SCATTER;—who have been *ruined by joint extravagance:* who (Act I. p. 1. and 2.) *reproach each other* as the *cauſe* of that ruin:—and who (p. 2.) after cheating their creditors (their plan being *never* to pay (p. 2.) endeavour to retrieve matters by deceiving the old *banker:* calumniating and ouſting his heir: in a word, by getting poſſeſſion of the precious bank—WITH a newſpaper!——Finally, who are detected—(in the FOURTH Act, N. B.) diſcarded, and undone.—Happily, this *one* act of dramatic juſtice rallies with the oppoſite ſide.

Next in order ſhould come Mr. SPUNGE:—but we reſerve him for a finiſh. The ſervants are *mere ſervants*

THE SCHOOL FOR INGRATITUDE.

Thus far for COINCIDENCE.——But—

"Huic UNÆ potuit-ne ſuccumbere culpæ?"—

To know how this ſtands, we proceed from the father to the ſon: happily for the reader's patience, with more brevity.

COINCIDENCE. SECTION III.

HOPEFUL, (*i. e.*) Young Seymour. 1ſt ditto—only not having *ſeduced* the lady he loves.

2d. Ditto, ditto.

3d. Ditto, again; only not her whom *he* had *betrayed.* — (Vth Act.)

MR. and MRS. JANUS.—Their *features* are different from, and far more *ſtrongly marked* than, those of the *banking ſhepherd* and *ſhepherdeſs*:—but they too (p. 23 and 24.) *reproach each other as the cauſe of mutual ruin*, though not in the *very opening of the play*:—*They*, alſo, *cheat their creditors*, and when they can avoid it, *never pay*. (p. 15, 16, 17.)

They do not expect to get a *bank*, by impoſing on *Old Seymour* (for he, poor ſoul! has no bank); but they try to get a *large ſum of money* (no bad appendage of a bank) by acting in concert with a knave *to keep out the real heir.*

In a word, their buſineſs is the ſame, though ſomewhat varying in its incidents: and *they* are *detected*, *diſcarded*, &c.

Having no ſuch Bond-ſtreet hero-heroine to exhibit as Sir E. Bloomly, nor knowing where to look for one, (though

CHEAP LIVING.

in both plays. So, next *ſhall* come a ſweet, prim, pretty exotic non-natural ſprig; or a trim made-up puppet in the boy,—or man—or woman—or compound of what you pleaſe—yclept SIR EDWARD BLOOMLY! to figure away—or rather (as too many non-naturals have done) to enable Mrs. Jordan to figure away in breeches:—take cocking, or boxing attitudes, as the caſe requires; and ſhew her fine legs and feet, at all points, to the beſt advantage. (Act iii. and iv. p. 48.) She accordingly performs a moſt wonderful boy—man-part: it were ſuperfluous to ſay—performs it admirably! Ready with her piſtol—or her fiſt—ſure of her mark—"I could hit him!—I know I could hit him!" (Act v. p. 66.)—admirable *hits*, theſe!—and then equally ſure of hitting the exact point, when—"Seven's the main *!" (p. 52 and 53.) aye—(wonderful *coincidence*, in that way!) Seven *is* the main, every time ſhe throws! (Vide Act iv. p. 52 and 53.) In a word, *except* in ſtature, years, and poſſibility, the lady, or the boy, is up to every thing! (p. 30, et ſeq.) This young-and-old, he-and-ſhe animal of a new breed is, in particular, reſolutely bent, through three acts, on the utter deſtruction of the man who has debauched his ſiſter:—but, (the age of miracles not being paſt, with that of Mr. B.'s chivalry,) he is reconciled in a twinkling to one whom he has juſt been calling a "*ſcoundrel*," (Act v. p. 66.) and joins him (*ſame* Act, *ſame* page) to his ſiſter with a very pretty grace!

To proceed—

ELINOR BLOOMLY—poor girl! like too many others, has firſt been reſcued, and then, in the order of ſuch things, debauched.—She lives retired, *pour cauſe*:—is ſuſpected by Old Woodland of being, what ſhe was, *the miſtreſs of his ſon*.—Gets married, &c.

Laſt in this liſt of COINCIDENCE (if that *muſt* be the word) comes the illuſtrious Mr. SPUNGE!—*lineally*, as the father of QUICKSCENT ſurmiſes, but not, perhaps, very *legally*, deſcended. By ſuch deſcent, a — —, and, by profeſſional *choice*, a DINNER-HUNTER! The founder, the

* "Seven!"—(THIRD time, N.B.) "*Nick*!—" aye! OLD *Nick*!—It can be no other!

THE SCHOOL FOR INGRATITUDE.

(though the author of the School for Ingratitude likes a lounge in Bond-ſtreet, and at times ſtudies *characters* there,) he ſets oppoſite this phenomenon his LEONORA, in *breeches* at firſt, and, as ſoon as ſhe can, poor lady, in more decent attire. She, not altogether like Sir E. B. (for ſhe doubles no fiſt, cocks no piſtol,) *confounds the main ſcoundrel of the plot* :—Surpriſes *the old father* by the diſcovery—not like Sir E. B., of a *debauched ſiſter* ;—but (a point of leſs intereſt, perhaps, to him and an audience) the diſcovery of *the ſon* whom he had been *diſcarding* : whom he had *given up as loſt* : and thus—with ſpirit, but not the ſpirit of a *bully*, contributes her *proper* ſhare to a happy *denoüement* (Act V.)

Should *ſhe*, however, prove too light in the ſcale for ſo matchleſs! ſo forward! ſo aſtoniſhingly forward a puppet as Sir E. B.! his *Iriſh Major* may, perhaps, (Vide p. 11, 12, 13. and 27, 28, 29.) turn the ſcale, more or leſs; with the *Marquis* and *Marquiſe de Verneuil* to aid him? (Act i. p. 11 and 12.—Act iii. p. 27, 28, 29.—Act v. p. 66, 67, 68, &c.)

N. B. Theſe, with the original Dinner-Hunter's NOBLE *Point* at an A. B.'s dinner (near the end of Act iv.) are omitted in Cheap Living:—as are *Conſiſtency*, *Probability*,—(ſay *Poſſibility* in many parts) and *Dramatic Juſtice*.—O! INSULTED Public!——

LOUISA—has not been *debauched*, though *deluded* by a ſcoundrel.—Lives *retired*, becauſe ſhe *muſt* :—and, hence, is *ſuſpected by Old Seymour to be the kept miſtreſs* of his *elève*, his precious *elève!* Perkins. She is not yet married:—but ſhe *ſhall* be ſo.

Laſt, alſo, in *this liſt* of COINCIDENCE, comes Mr.——*not* SPUNGE—No! no!—but QUICKSCENT, the SPUNGER; the DINNER-HUNTER:—(by *neceſſity*, though, rather than *choice*, except in one inſtance where he makes a bold *clerical point* at the *archbiſhop*'s dinner. (Act iv. p. 54.)

CHEAP LIVING.

hero of *Cheap-Living!*—His character, and *want of character*, shall be traced as follows, keeping pace with the contrasted similitude on the opposite page.

He (p. 12.) gets the *friend* of a *moment* to pay his coach-hire; lend him other money; and give him a dinner;—then—(p. 17.) *without a cause*, and *against his own plans* and *interest*, betrays the irregular conduct of that friend to his employer. Such is his first conduct to the *deputy banker!*—His manner of forcing a visit with every kind of insult on the *banker* in CHIEF, (but *without a newspaper*,) has been noticed: "you look more like a *flat* than a *sharp*," &c. &c.——He has quartered himself on a rascally Farmer Cole (p. 11.) for *a month together*: on COLE*, who seems to know the value of money, from the dirty means he is ready to adopt in order to get it;—(p. 10.) and in defiance of Cole's WIFE, too! — — Did ever a *woman* suffer a fellow to eat and drink in her house for a month—*against* her inclination?—A *coward* too—! (p. 25.) whose "*hair would have stood an end*," had she disputed the point!—A *coward*, (p. 25.) who did not dare to protect a threatened female!—A *coward*, who turns thief, 'tis true, after Sir E. Bloomly, who is to feed, has assured him he will be responsible; where there is *no ground for danger*: (p. 38.) who, at length, *does* take off "the bit of old canvas;"—but, only to *bring it on again* (p. 41.) and *shew it*, in *Sir E. Bloomly's presence*, to *the person* from whom it was *to be concealed!* (p. 41.)—*who*, in a word, acts no better than a low, farcical, incredible, and every way contemptible part throughout the piece: yet, who, (instead of being kicked out, as every one must wish, at the end of it,) in defiance of dramatic justice and propriety, meets with the same success as his *progenitor* (such we deem him) on the opposite page!

Surely, another spunge is wanting to clear such a barefaced SPUNGE as this! — — Yet, the old fool Woodland ends by pronouncing (p. 67.) that plan of "cheap living the best," by which he had been duped!—while Sir E. Bloomly's last sample of RIPE *judgment* and *morality* is—(last page and sentence to SPUNGE!) "the *more* you

* COLE. "We do NEVER suffer a Londoner, who comes among us, to *eat*, *drink*, or *speak*; without PAYING HANDSOMELY for it."—Yet!—NEXT PAGE—! "Ecod! he did breakfast, dine, and sup wi' us, (WITHOUT paying, N.B.) for a WHOLE MONTH together!"—— Oh Cole! Cole!

THE SCHOOL FOR INGRATITUDE.

p. 54.) QUICKSCENT—*my* HERO of *Cheap Living.*—The ORIGINAL!

An *accidental friend* gives him—a *ſteak*, or a *chop*, which, though ſtarving, he has the modeſty not directly to aſk for; (p. 20.) and, in return, does he *betray* his *friend?*—No.—He is *grateful:* is *faithful:*—not an *impudent coward*, but a *brave*, though diſtreſt, *gentleman.* In return for a *chop*, which his friend could not eat, (Act ii. p. 22.) he offers his beſt ſervice:—ſticks to his new friend in every calamity:—follows him in every emergency:—riſks his life in his defence againſt unequal numbers: (Act iv. p. 50.) and, finally proves the means—"by taking his laſt peep at the town *larder*," of getting at a main ſecret;—hurrying his friend to Norwood, in ſpite of all apparent obſtacles: (p. 61.) of making him known to his father, and confounding his enemies.

He ſecures "exquiſite mutton for life:" (End of Act v.) but then HE *deſerves* it!—Where note; that the founder of *original* QUICKSCENT will no more deign to compare with him ſuch a mean dirty fellow as *Spunge*, than he would compare the honoured S—— of his country, to a raſcally *Baratarian.*——————————————————not to be brought on a line.

The author here nearly concludes his chapter of COINCIDENCE—omitting ſeveral of the leſs prominent order;—but ſupplying one of ſome note. (Cheap Liv. Act ii. p. 18.)

Mrs. SCATTER. [*Speaking of Spunge.*] Pray, uncle, *who is this gentleman?*

Old WOODLAND. Why, *don't you know him?*—he has *been acquainted with your huſband* theſe twenty years—&c.

Mrs SCATTER. *Impoſſible! Mr. Scatter has no ſuch acquaintance*——&c.

SPUNGE. Oh! *what you cut, do you?—You don't remember I uſed to ſee you*——(And then follows Mr. *Spunge's compliment* to the man to whoſe *favour* he aſpires, and to whoſe *table* he hopes to get conſtant *admittance*; viz.)—"You look more like a *flat*, than a *ſharp*—Ha, ha, ha!"

Now this IS original! This is a *new* way of trying to get into *favour!* (See what follows.)

CHEAP LIVING.

HONOUR—me with your company, the HAPPIER !! !"
——Happy, happy, happy pair! ſay I—and let thoſe who have ſenſe and judgment repeat after me.

Let ſuch alſo—after Mr. Richardſon (if he *did* compare the play, now before him and the Public, with that of *Cheap Living*,) judge of its general contexture, and merits, or demerits, *independent* of this ſingular character of a ſpunging *Dinner-hunter!*—of its plot; its characters; its general incidents, and intereſt.—The author of a haſty compoſition—, haſty, becauſe he knew at the time a play was much wanted at Drury Lane, will make no compariſon between them: but, with vanity or with ſound judgment to back his pretenſions, declare, that he ſhould belie his ſentiment did he admit of a compariſon between his COMEDY and the coincidental FARCE he has now, in part, examined:—if the alluſion may paſs, between his gravy ſoup, and the water-gruel waſh of CHEAP LIVING.

No. 83, *John-Street.*—

P. S. The author, on his late return from the Continent, addreſſed a note to Mr. R. ſtating his ſurpriſe at ſuch a play as *Cheap Living*'s having been produced while his was in hand;—requeſting an interview;—declaring his perfect conviction that "Mr. R. was a man of too much honour to have had any concern in ſuch COINCIDENCE as he then pointed out;"—and expreſſing a wiſh, that "the *queſtion* at iſſue might be referred, in preference to every other, to the honour and diſcernment of Mr. Sheridan."

Had Mr. R. favoured the author with a line in anſwer, the play now publiſhed (but, poſſibly, *not the preface*) would have appeared. The author has ſaid, that he does not believe Mr. R. ever read his play: an opinion grounded on his interview with Mr. R. when *Cheap Living* was announced for repreſentation; and further (admitting Mr. R. to poſſeſs judgment) on the merits, and vice verſâ, of the two plays.

FINAL QUERIES.

1ſt. Is The School for Ingratitude, to be held as cheap Cheap Living? If ſo—and if not.....? &c. &c.&c.

2dly, and finally—*ad hominem.*—Had the Author, or Compiler of Cheap Living, been the Author of The School for Ingratitude, and in his predicament?—would he, or would he *not*—have ſuſpected foul play?——have deemed himſelf juſtifiable in a public appeal?

"*Reſponde!—aut Repara!*"

THE SCHOOL FOR INGRATITUDE.

COUNTER-PART of the above, excepting the last *judicious compliment*. (School for Ingr. Act iii. p. 34.)

[*Scene*, as the above between the *Dinner-hunter*, and the person who *denies his acquaintance*.]

SEYMOUR. So, Humphrey! *what person have you got there?*—A vagabond, perhaps?

HUMPHREY. Nay, Sir; he says he's a gentleman.

GREGORY. And that *he's acquainted in the family*, your honour.

[Just what SPUNGE had said to Old WOODLAND.]

——SEYMOUR. Say, Mr. Perkins, *what do you know of this—gentleman?*

PERKINS. [*With scorn.*] *Know him?—As to what I know of him*——

QUICKSCENT. *How?—What?—Does it come to this?—And, is that all?—After such obligations, too!*

——PERKINS. Never be trifled with, Sir, by——, &c. a SPUNGER! &c. &c.

——If this be *not* COINCIDENCE?
——And, if it *be* COINCIDENCE?

END OF THE PREFACE.

P. S. The Author of this Play and Preface has not adopted the following motto from Pope, recommended by a literary friend:

"I'll *shame* the *rogues*, and print it,"

for two reasons:

1st. Because he leaves the question to the PUBLIC,—*whether* there *have* been ROGUES? and,

2dly. Because the idea of SHAMING ROGUES, appears to him an absurdity.

THE SCHOOL FOR INGRATITUDE.

CHEAP LIVING.

PREFATORY QUERIES *on* COINCIDENCE, *&c. &c. &c. &c.*

"Detrahere *aliquid* alteri, et *hominis incommodo ſuum augere commodum*, magis eſt contra naturam quam mors; quam *paupertas*; quam dolor; quam cætera quæ poſſunt aut *corpori* accidere, aut *rebus externis*."

Well ſaid! Marcus Tullius Cicero.—
But—better than Marcus Tullius Cicero, or any man——

"THOU SHALT NOT STEAL."

FIRST QUERE.

IS *complex*, *diverſified*, yet *ſyſtematic* COINCIDENCE within the ſcale of human intellect?—In two Comedies? for inſtance:—in Plot? Characters? Incidents! Sentiments?—and Expreſſion?—If ſo:—what becomes of the main argument for the exiſtence of a Deity?——I cannot jump over a full grown ſtanding oak: I cannot jump over St. Paul's. Truth and impoſſibility are ſingle conceptions: whilſt falſehood, and its poſſible achievements are, unhappily, infinite.

SECOND QUERE.

Ought a play, *altered* and *re-copied* by the advice of a Manager, and re-placed in his care when he *avowedly* "had no play worth acting,"—ought it to have been ſuperſeded by a play—very *like!*—yet very *unlike* it?—In a

 word,

word, (the author hesitates not to say it, after better judges) by a WORSE play? Was that the condition on which it was altered, and a *second* time left in trust?

THIRD QUERE.

Is "CHEAP LIVING,"——independent of COINCIDENCE —(if that must be the word?)—Is "CHEAP LIVING,"— with all its *monstrous* INCONGRUITIES!—its "BANKER! —and—NO NEWSPAPER!—NO CORRESPONDENTS!!!— (Cheap Living p. 4.)—its * SPUNGE!—its DINNER-HUNTER! who thus *compliments* the BANKER,—the MAGISTRATE,—to whose *table* and *favour* he *aspires*—(Cheap Liv. p. 18) "You look more like a FLAT—!" (flat! flat!) "than a sharp."—And again—(p. 27.) "aye! you do *want* an *understanding!!!*"—original! a *new* mode this! of getting at *a dinner!*—into *favour!*——O! injured genius! O! insulted Public!—Is "*Cheap Living*" a BETTER play than "The School for Ingratitude?"

The SPUNGE, the vile bare-faced Spunge of *Cheap* Living, instead of being *kicked out*, when, at a *first* and *forced* visit, he (*Cheap* Liv. p. 17.) *finds fault with* the BANKER's *butter*:—*empties* his *tea-cannister*:—*pockets* his *peaches*:—(p. 19.) HE is *invited* by this *magistrate!*—this *banker* "*without a newspaper, without correspondents!!*"— is *invited* by him to——"*come again!!!*"——The *banker*, the *magistrate*, the *ideot*, pronouncing (p. 67.) *his* "mode of *cheap* living to be the BEST after all!!!"—while the *man-boy*, or *boy-man*, the *he-and-she* animal *Sir Edward Bloomly* (like nothing in *Bond-Street*, or *Nature*, N. B)— thus *concludes* the *Cheap* Living play—addressing himself to Mr. SPUNGE.

"Well: for your *kindness* to my sister, the more you— HONOUR—!!!—*honour* me with YOUR *company*, the HAPPIER—!!!" &c. &c.

The *kindness* to the *debauched* sister here alluded to N. B. is the *rascal's* having *refused* to protect her (*Cheap* Liv. p. 25.) against a *drunken deputy-banker*, and *ravisher*; with *cowardice* alledged as the excuse! (p. 25. Mr. *Spunge*, to

* SPUNGE?—The *Dinner-Hunter* of "The School for Ingratitude,"— the *original* (as we may deem him) is called (p. 36.) a SPUNGE-r.—N. B.

the

the lady in queſtion,) "No! I can't fight! I once fought a duel: and my hair has ſtood an end ever ſince!"—— †

Such a fellow protected?—approved of?—acted?—— Let him that hath eyes to read, let him read!—He that *hath* judgment, let him judge!——O! injured genius!—O! *inſulted* public!—How long are ſuch things to be countenanced?—to be endured?

FOURTH QUERE: *ad hominem.*

Were the Author, or Compiler, of "*Cheap* Living"—(whom the Author of this note has not the pleaſure of knowing, but of whom he hears a good report)—Were *he* the Author of "The School for Ingratitude?"—would he—? would he NOT ſuſpect *foul play*, in *ſome ſhape*, or *other?*

"Reſponde!—aut repara!"

Mr. Richardſon (with whom this ill-fated play was left for *nine months;*—by whoſe advice it was *altered* and *recopied;*—and who promiſed to attend to it ſpeedily, "without delay,") Mr. R. is too *buſy* to attend to the common form of good breeding in giving the Author an *anſwer* upon the ſubject.—Mr. S——n is in the ſame predicament.—Something has been ſaid to the Author's friend, who beſpoke for him and his concern the Manager's "beſt attentions,"—Something about COINCIDENCE!—about the *phyſical impoſſibility* of getting at a play in a given predicament.

The *phyſical impoſſibility* which he inſiſts on is COMPLEX COINCIDENCE:—For the extent of which (he diſdains to give more) ſee the following DRAMATIS PERSONÆ of the two plays. This *impoſſibility* (as he deems it) is rendered the more ſtriking from the *peculiar* predicament in which his play was written.—He hopes that Mr. Reynolds has had no dealings with a JANUS? a PERKINS?—For their characters ſee the play: and, for what remains, "Fiat juſtitia, ruat cœlum!" If a robbery *has* in *any ſhape* been committed? let it appear.

† Honeſt QUICKSCENT, the *Spunge*-r of "The School for Ingratitude," is a *Dinner-hunter* from *neceſſity*, not *choice;* a *diſtreſſed*, but a *brave*, a *grateful* FRIEND, and GENTLEMAN.—Let this *difference* be noted, among *many others.*

CHEAP LIVING.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OLD WOODLAND, a merchant of fortune.
YOUNG WOODLAND, arrived from Marſeilles, in queſt of a lady whom he there had loved and ſeduced.
SCATTER, who has the ſame kind of dirty work to do as Janus, and from the ſame kind of intereſted views, particularly the *defrauding of the real heir.*

SPUNGE, whoſe *choice* and ſole objects are, how to get admiſſion to another's table, or *pantry.*
FARMER COLE.

WILLIAM.
SIR EDWARD BLOOMLY, like nothing in *Bond-ſtreet*, or *nature ;*—but, *like Leonora*, in the School for Ingr. *a woman in breeches*, deſtined to detect and confound villainy.

MRS. SCATTER.
STELLA.
ELINOR BLOOMLY, living retired, ſo as to create ſuſpicion in Old Woodland, of her being the kept miſtreſs of his ſon.

N. B. An attempt is made to force off ELINOR BLOOMLY by the aid of hirelings.

SCENE, a Sea-port Town, and the Country *round* it.

Now—If this be *not* COINCIDENCE ?
And—If it *be* COINCIDENCE ?

END OF THE QUERIES.

THE SCHOOL FOR INGRATITUDE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OLD SEYMOUR, a merchant of fortune.
HOPEFUL, (*i. e.*) Young Seymour, arrived from France in quest of a lady whom he there had loved.
JANUS, a knave, whose object it is to deceive both Old and Young Seymour; and, in the hope of a large reward from a brother knave, *to defraud the real heir of his fortune.*
QUICKSCENT, whose *fate* and main objects are, how to get admission to another's table, or *larder.*
HUMPHREY, and other servants. (The servants are *mere* servants in both plays.)
MAJOR O'CONNEL.
MARQUIS DE VERNEUIL.

MRS. JANUS.
LEONORA, in man's attire.
LOUISA, living retired, so as to create suspicion in Seymour of her being a kept mistress.

N. B. An attempt is made to force off the MARQUISE DE VERNEUIL, by the aid of hirelings.

SCENE, the Town called LONDON, and the Country *near* it.

COINCIDENCE?

"Quodcunque mihi ostendis SIC, *incredulus odi.*"

P. S.

P. S. The Author of this Play has not adopted the following motto from Pope, recommended by a friend,

" I'll *ſhame* the *rogues*, and print it,"

for two reaſons:

1ſt. Becauſe he leaves the queſtion to the PUBLIC,—*whether* there *have* been ROGUES? and,

2dly. Becauſe the idea of SHAMING ROGUES, appears to him an abſurdity.

Without fixing ſhame where, perhaps, it ought not to be, how to account for COMPLEX, SYSTEMATIC, PLAY-MAKING COINCIDENCE?—is THE QUESTION at iſſue.

No. 83, *John Street.*

The *correſponding* pages (*coincidental*—eh?) in the two plays, are as follow.

(*Monſtrous Incongruities* in ONE excepted.)

Cheap Liv.	*In Both.*	*School for Ingr.*
P. 1, 2.	Ruined knaves, and how.	P. 23. 24.
3.	How to retrieve matters	— 4. 30. 62.
4, 5.	— — —	16. 59.
6.	The knaves try to keep out the heir.	30. 56. 59.
7.	A *debauched* girl lives retired.	— 42. 50.
11.	Dinner-hunter in want of *change*.	— 18. 20.
11.	His *name*——SPUNGE!	— 36.
11.	" *Twelve* ſhillings for the *coachman!*"	45.
12.	SPUNGE. "Don't let him *put himſelf out of the way on my account.*"	— 22.
14.	Lady to be raviſhed. —	— 64.
15.	Son not to marry the *debauched* girl, in retirement, *pour cauſe*——i. e. not (in Cheap Liv.) till the end of Act V. when the rich widow of (p. 15.) is quite forgotten! and 'tis done in a twinkling!	
16.	Heir in diſgrace: diſcarded.	— 56.
17.	Knave adopted. —	— 3.
17. 19.	Dinner-hunter RECEIVED by a *Magiſtrate*,	

Cheap Liv.	In Both.	School for Ingr.
	giſtrate, nolens, volens!—*Eats*, but (in Cheap Liv.) " don't *like the* BUTTER:"—nor " THE TEA:"—empties *the* " CANNISTER:"—" *inſults* THE MAGISTRATE:"—" *pockets* THE PEACHES:"—and— ?—and " is INVITED to *come again!!!*" (i. e. See the contraſt.)	34, 35, 36. 55.
21.	*Debauched* girl left alone. —	5.
21.	Afraid (" natural enough!") of being upbraided. — —	6. 10. 50.
22.	Scoundrels ready for a rape. —	64.
23.	The poor girl ſcreaming. —	66.
25.	" The PANTRY-LOVER! ha, ha!"	34, 35, 36.
25.	" The DEVIL's *in it!* if—— ?" —	22.
28.	*Glad* to ſee a *ſpunging coward!* (Contraſt.) —	34, 35. 50. 51.
37.	" Juſt *throttle* him for—*half* an *hour!*" —Surely! *five minutes* would do the buſineſs? — —	80.
42.	The *debauched* girl " has to change her dreſs." — —	75.
44, 45.	Diſtreſs of a *diſcarded ſon.* —	59.
44, 45,	Diſcarding *letter.* — —	59.
47.	*More diſtreſs* for the *heir.* —	30.
56.	Removing to the country, in Act V. —N. B. A chaſm omitted in Cheap Living—Much idle fuſs about an *old picture*, " a bit of canvas," which *is to be ſtolen*:—But, p. 38, Spunge.—" dam'me, *if I'll ſteal* furniture!"—Then, *ſame* Spunge! *ſame* page!—" The man deſerves to ſtarve that would *not* riſk his neck for you!"—by *ſtealing!!!* N. B. O Spunge! Spunge!—one more ſample.	
	Page 10. COLE. " We make it a rule that a Londoner ſhan't *walk*, *talk*, or *breathe*, WITHOUT *paying handſomely* for it."——Indeed! COLE. (again p. 11.) " Icod! he *did breakfaſt*,	

Cheap Liv. *In Both.* *School for Ingr.*

fast, *dine*, and *sup* wi' us, for——a WHOLE MONTH together!"—WITHOUT paying, N. B.!—in *spite* of Cole and his *Wife* too!——O Cole, Cole! ——and O!——

65. Sudden discovery of——a *debauched* sister (i. e. one of the *sisterhood.*) 78.

66. *Bridegroom* called "SCOUNDREL!" by his (next page) intended *brother!*— His *mother* a *w*——, by his real *father!* and so forth. —

67. The *scoundrel* to be *married!*—and the *father*—? to—"to die for joy!" so soon too!

Finally, that nonsense may be complete. (Contrast.) 81.

67. Spunge—the *impudent*, dinner-hunting *scoundrel*, *coward*, *thief*—! (kicked out?) no—applauded!—trenchered for life!—and——(can it be?) "to HONOUR"——mercy on us!— "*invited* to *honour* a *baronet!*"—do *scoundrels* and *baronets* THUS coalesce? Spunge is "*invited* to *honour* the precious *baronet* with *his company!*"— The *more* you *honour* me!!!" &c. &c. —and *thus* the *Cheap*-Living, the ACTED play ends!

In what a HURRY must it have been made up!

FINAL QUOTATIONS.

Cheap-Living EPILOGUE.

"Well! how d'ye like the way of living *cheap?* —What OTHERS *sow* with CARE with EASE to *reap!*"—

[If this be a *confession*—an *honest* confession? may it be good for *the* SOUL!]

So may the SPUNGES live *no more*—*on* SPOIL!—"

AMEN! says the AUTHOR of the School for Ingratitude.

THE

SCHOOL FOR INGRATITUDE.

ACT I.

SCENE, *a Library.*

SEYMOUR.

FIVE years are now elapſed ſince accounts from my Amelia ought to have reached me :—ſince the ſon ſhe bore with her to the Continent ought to have been reſtored!—Such was the ſolemn promiſe ſhe made me at parting!—But..... what have I ſaid?..... *My* Amelia?... Alas! why *was* ſhe not—why *would* ſhe not be mine?—Why not accept the hand and heart I offered as an honourable atonement—!..... That ſhe yet loved me, the ſtruggle at parting..... every emotion of her ſoul betrayed..... I had hopes, that when time and reflection might have abated her regret..... at all events, that he whom I meant to leave the heir of my fortune——Oh! what it is *thus* to meet the approach of declining age!—*Thus* to be a father! [*Rings a bell; and, to a Servant who enters,*] Does Mr. Perkins attend as by my order?

SERV. He has not yet been here, Sir.

SEYM. No!..... Let me ſee him the moment he arrives.—[*Exit Servant.*]..... This youth, I think, might be more punctual.—He has ever found me indulgent, ſince the requeſt of his dying father gave him to my care.

PERKINS. [*Entering, and bowing with conſtraint.*] Sir!—I attend!

SEYM. Be ſeated: and as what I have to impart is of more conſequence than you can imagine—

PERK. [*Aſide.*] So! what comes now?—[*To him.*] I am all attention, Sir.

SEYM. You know in what manner your father recommended you to my care? [*Perkins bows aſſent.*]—And under what circumſtances?—

PERK. [*With indifference.*] Under *dying* circumſtances, Sir.

SEYM. I did not mean to afflict you by that recollection.

PERK. I am to ſay, under circumſtances of *bankruptcy*, too, I ſuppoſe?

SEYM. Again you err.—It is neither the loſs of a worthy father, nor his misfortunes, which I wiſh you to recal.—But—you know the manner in which I have—all but—adopted you!—[*Turns aſide in grief, from obvious recollections.*]

PERK. [*Aſide.*] So! as uſual! I am to be told of what little he has done for me! [*To Seymour.*] I am not inſenſible, Sir.

SEYM. Be aſſured, that your father's dying requeſt ſhall ever be ſacred to me.—So *very* ſacred do I hold it, that, had it been my fate to have *my own* ſon reſtored to me!.....You have cauſe to be aſtoniſhed.

PERK. [*Riſing.*] Aſtoniſhed?—I am petrified!—Your *own ſon*, did you ſay?—Your own ſon?—I never knew you had been married, Sir.

SEYM. [*Aſide.*] Heavens! what a reproach!—[*To him.*] That I was not married is a misfortune I muſt ever deplore.

PERK. [*Aſide.*] No common ſentiment!—So! a *baſtard*, after all!

SEYM. Let me be brief on points which harrow up my ſoul!—Had this ſon, this child of indiſcretion, whom I muſt never more behold, been reſtored, as his mother promiſed.....*You* ſhould have ſhared my fortune with him.

PERK. [*Aſide.*] Shared!—eh?—Damn ſuch ſharing! [*To Seymour.*] Am I to underſtand that you have loſt the—?

SEYM. No more, Sir!—No more!—I cannot bear the recollection. [*Seymour's grief and Perkins's ſatisfaction are equally manifeſt.*]

PERK.

PERK. [*With affected concern.*] Be assured, Sir, that I feel!—Sympathy is so natural on these occasions!..... and then, *gratitude* requires that I.....

SEYM. Though parental fondness be denied me, I will go as near its indulgence as nature will allow: and—from this moment, you shall be to me [*With great emotion*]—*all but* the SON whom I hoped, ere now, to have embraced thus!—[*Embraces him.*]

PERK. [*Disengaging himself.*] Sir!—I am sensible!—very sensible!—of the obligations which——But—I perceive, these things affect you beyond measure!—I'll retire.

SEYM. Nay—You see, I leave you.——Peruse this paper:—and then say, whether I be disposed to remember your father's dying request, or not? [*Exit.*

PERK. Why—Yes—It is one way of befriending a young fellow of spirit, to keep perpetually reminding him of his dependence! and thus cancelling obligations as fast as they occur!—Yet, such meanness assumes the character of benevolence!—But, let's see this scrawl.—[*After reading the paper.*] Whew!—This does make amends, though—for,—it promises me something like the reversion of all he is worth!——Egad! I shall begin to think him a generous fellow!—Though—had his own brat lived—a mere beggarly *share* would have been my portion!—[*Puts up the paper.*]—Should the late accounts I have received of Leonora's death be confirmed, a repetition of the ceremony with Louisa makes *her* what now (poor soul!) she fondly thinks herself!—makes *me* every way secure!——Her ample fortune, joined to that of Seymour, who cannot live many years!——Well! Luck is mine! and I'll improve it! [*Exit.*

SEYMOUR. [*Re-entering.*]

Ha! retired thus abruptly?—He might, I think—[*Musing.*] Something this youth wants of what I most wish to see in youth, frankness;—open-heartedness:—But that is the result of bashfulness; and will wear off.—In other respects, I think he promises well; notwithstanding the accounts I had of him while at College.—If I can but guard him against that fatal indiscretion which—Let me banish the recollection!—Poor! ill-fated! lost

SEYM. Be ſeated: and as what I have to impart is of more conſequence than you can imagine—

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Amelia!—Why reduce me to the *ſhadow* of parental feelings, when, for a time at leaſt, the *ſubſtance* might have been mine?—Was *ſuch* the promiſe thou madeſt me at parting?—— [*Exit.*

SCENE, JANUS's *Study, lumbered with Books, Electrical Machines, &c. in great diſorder.*

JANUS. [*Before a looking-glaſs.*]

Two heads are generally better than one:—two faces, invariably ſo.—A wretch with only one face, like him with only one guinea, has a poor ſtock indeed to begin the world with!—Now, for the firſt great duty of the day!—to ſettle which face I am to wear?—[*Looks in the glaſs in a variety of attitudes.*]—Firſt, let me try my FACE REPELLENT, [*Looks on the glaſs.*]—which, like a porter, or maſtiff, at a great man's gate, keeps beggary mute, and ſolicitation in awe!—[*Looking off and on the glaſs.*]—There I have it!—Oh! that I had a debtor to meet me thus!———Next, comes my ALLURING FACE!—So!—ſo!—Not quite perfect!—[*Smiling horribly*] Aye!—there it is!—And let man, or woman, reſiſt it if they can!—How many old ſcores have been ſettled, *pro tempore*, by this uſeful face!———Laſtly, comes my COMPONENT, or HALF and HALF FACE; [*Looking variouſly in the glaſs.*] To *this* face muſt be adapted that pliancy of voice ſo much admired in debates! where a ſimple *Aye*, or *No*, is eloquence in a nut-ſhell!—[*Settles his face in the glaſs.*] This is the face which puts all others in default!—And, as I have a deep and various game to play, THIS ſhall be the face for to-day's buſineſs!—[*Going.*]—Yet;—No!—No!—In the firſt place, I have a woman to deal with; ſo that my ALLURING FACE muſt come into play!—Let me but draw from her the ſecret I want, and then, Mr. Perkins's purſe, have at you!

[*Exit, making various faces.*

SCENE

SCENE, *Lodgings moderately furnished.*

LOUISA *and* CLACKIT.

CLACK. Mr. Perkins so long, and so often absent, Mem? Why? Law! All husbands are *absent* now-a-days!

LOU. All husbands?—Heigho!

CLACK. Many a wife would be sorely put to it, if their husbands would not be absent.—When *I* get married . . . ! I know what I know!—And, as to Mr. Perkins's being a little *obstrapolus*——?

LOU. A little?—Clackit?

CLACK. Well?—Say, *very obstrapolus?*—And positive? and—and—just as the French King used to be!—Why?—'Tis no more than ALL husbands . . . . . who *dare* do it—

LOU. *Dare!* say you?

CLACK. I mean, Mem, when their wives are so silly as to *let* 'em do it!

LOU. But, this! so *soon* after the ceremony?

CLACK. Nay! it would never do *before* the ceremony.—So soon, truly!

LOU. Yes: say, within—within the space of one short month?

CLACK. Why; really, Mem!—I can't say positively!—As to husbands in general . . . . . they might, I think, be civil, for *the* month, or so——But then, they must begin as they always mean to end, Mem!

LOU. [*After a pause.*], I am to blame!—Leave me, Clackit.

CLACK. [*Not offering to go.*] To be sure, Mem.—Only let me advise——

LOU. Advise!—Leave me, I say!

CLACK. I am gone, Mem.—But, when I consider——

LOU. Consider nothing! but leave me this instant!—or——

CLACK. [*Retiring with great reluctance.*] Heyday! My mistress will soon be as snappish as Mr. Perkins!—She forgets, perhaps, I am entrusted with a secret?—Well! had it been *my* good luck to have possessed such a fortune, I'm sure *I* could have made a choice!—And among Lords

Lords and Dukes too!—[*Returning towards Louisa, who has been musing apart.*]—When I think on the life you are likely to lead—[*Seeing Louisa's displeasure*]—The advice I wish to give, Mem——[*Retiring.*] Nay! Mem! You shall have no cause to be angry.—I know my distance: [*Half aside.*] and when rich folks will be foolish; poor servants, I see, do well to keep their advice to themselves! [*Exit in a huff.*

Lou. I feel I am to blame in laying myself open to a creature of this stamp:—But, when the heart is full, it must burst or overflow, whatever be the channel that receives its effusion!—Ah! heedless indiscretion! Whither hast thou hurried me?—Whither? But to that bourn, whence, as from the mansions of death, there is no return!

Perk. [*Aside, and after listening in vain.*] So! damn this soliloquising! It implies deceit!—[*To her.*] You seem disconcerted, Madam?

Lou. A little pensive, Sir,—while thus left alone.

Perk. [*With anger.*] That by way of reproach to me, Madam?

Lou. Can you be surprised, Sir, that, while in a state of concealment?—of seeming guilt——?

Perk. What has guilt to do with concealment in your case, Madam?—Have I not married you?

Lou. [*Emphatically.*] You have, Sir.

Perk. Well, Madam! and what, then, remains?

Lou. Only to let the world know of my—happiness.

Perk. [*Disconcerted.*] The world?—Madam!—The world?—I would not, for the world!——

Lou. This idea of concealment is dreadful to me!—Why resort to it where all has been fair and honourable?

Perk. Why resort to it?—Am I to account to you for the motives of my actions?

Lou. They might, Sir, be explained, for my satisfaction.

Perk. [*In anger.*] No more! Madam! no more! I'll hear no more!—What! not married above a month, and be talked to in this strain?—of explanations? of satisfaction!—Is the first duty of a wife so *soon* forgotten?

Lou. [*After a pause.*] No, Sir!—The word OBEY has been pronounced;—and I am taught to remember it!——

Mr.

Mr. Seymour, I think, ſhould be made acquainted with my ſituation——?

PERK. Zounds! Madam! preſume not to think for me!—Mr. Seymour ſhall not know—I have reaſons of a private nature!

LOU. To *me* ſhould they be private, Sir?

PERK. [*Scornfully.*] Private to you?—Pray, what would you think of that man's diſcretion who ſhould make a woman the depoſitary of his ſecret?

LOU. [*Fondly.*] While that woman is united to him by ties the moſt ſacred——!

PERK. [*Turning from her.*] Pſhaw! Pſhaw! What tie has yet been found for the tongue of a woman?

LOU. But, when Mr. Seymour hereafter comes to know——?

PERK. Hereafter let Mr. Seymour know what he may! In the mean time, I inſiſt——!

LOU. You ſhall be obeyed, Sir.

PERK. Be it ſo.—The duties of a wife, I perceive, you have yet to learn. [*Going.*] But, while in a ſtate of ignorance and training, if ſuch conduct be not purſued as to exempt you from cenſure, none will, I hope, take place that may incur reproach! [*Exit ſcornfully.*

LOU. [*After a pauſe.*] Ignorance! and training!—Training I will leave for brutes:—And, would to Heaven! I were more ignorant than this interview leaves me!—Ah! how has my hand—my heart—my fortune been beſtowed?——Every ſhilling this man poſſeſſes, he owes to me!—And yet—within the ſpace of one ſhort month!——Oh! let me not dare to look into futurity! This myſtery!—This concealment?—even from Mr. Seymour!—What *may*—? Alas! what may it *not* forebode?——I have heard of men who....——Ah! if this *ſhould* be the caſe, who will pity the forlorn Louiſa?

CLACKIT. [*Entering.*]

Madam! a gentleman of the name of Janus:—an elderly gentleman!—a philoſopher!—[*Perceiving Louiſa's diſcontent.*]—Nay, Mem! though I hate to tell lies, I ſaid you would not be ſeen:—But—but, the old gentleman was ſo civil! that—that, he would not be denied.

LOU.

LOU. *Would* not!—Tell him that——

CLACK. I proteſt, Mem, the old gentleman is here already!

JANUS. [*Entering, and ſmiling horribly.*]

[*Aſide.*] Now for my moſt *Alluring Face!*—Egad! hers is clearly the *Face Repellent!*—Beautiful, even thus!—[*To her.*] Madam!—My name is Janus.—Mr. Perkins, no doubt, has prepared you for my viſit?——

LOU. He has not, Sir. And therefore——

JAN. And *therefore!*——Nay, Madam, I am in the ſecret of your marriage!——It was I who——But, Mr. Perkins has not prepared you for——? [*She bows diſſent.*] No!—Then he is a more negligent man in buſineſs than I thought him!—[*Putting on his moſt repellent Face.*]

LOU. Buſineſs!—What buſineſs, Sir?

JAN. That's the point, Madam——Let us *argue the caſe.*

LOU. Argue nothing, Sir:—but, name your buſineſs.

JAN. So abrupt! and ſo reſerved!—Egad! ſhe'll be a match for all my philoſophy!—[*To her.*] My buſineſs, Madam, is to know whether Mr. Perkins be yet in poſſeſſion of your fortune?—and, if not, when I may expect——?

LOU. [*Alarmed.*] [*Aſide.*] So!—a creditor!—a Jew, I ſuppoſe! [*To him.*] How much, Sir, may my huſband owe you?

JAN. Why—Madam—not *quite* ſo much as he owes to you.

LOU. What do I hear?—Not *quite ſo much!*——Am I to underſtand that he owes you nearly ſix thouſand a-year?

JAN. [*Aſide.*] So!—There I have it!—Six thouſand a-year!—Rare pickings for my philoſophy!—[*To her, forcibly.*] And your huſband is *poſſeſſed* of the fortune you mention?

PERKINS. [*Enters, after liſtening.*]

How's this?—Madam!—Mr. Janus!—What am I to underſtand?—What am I to think of this ſtolen interview?

LOU.

LOU. [*Agitated.*] Stolen interview!—He ſaid, he came on buſineſs!—came by your order!——Clackit will inform you.

PER. Clackit inform me?—What! am I to be ſuch a dupe as to be referred to your menial agents in deception?——Clackit inform me?—Did I not catch the laſt words of this fellow's diſcourſe?—"The fortune you have juſt named!"—It *had* been named, then?—By Heavens!——

JAN. [*After ſeveral attempts to interrupt him.*] Be patient!—Let me *argue the caſe!*

PER. [*To her.*] I am to be blamed for not letting you into more of my ſecrets?——[*To him.*]—For you, Sir!—If ever I find you with my wife again, *arguing the caſe*, as you call it——!

JAN. Nay! nay!—Be patient!——I'm ſo old, you know!—And when you conſider all things——

PER. Sir! I know what I owe you.——At preſent, I have no fortune in my poſſeſſion.——When it does come, your pretenſions ſhall be conſidered.——Retire, Sir!—And betray my confidence, if you dare!——[*Janus goes out.*] With you, Madam, I ſhall enter into explanations at a proper time! [*Exit furiouſly.*

JAN. [*Offering to return.*] Don't be alarmed, Madam! This heat will be nothing.—I ſhall *argue the caſe* with him.

LOU. If you do not retire this inſtant!——

JAN. [*Going.*] I am gone.—[*Aſide.*] What a ſtrange compound of tameneſs and ſpirit!—But, how cleverly ſhe let me into the ſecret!—Six thouſand a year!—I'm in all the ſecret of Perkins's double marriage and villainies —Rare pickings for my philoſophy! [*Exit.*

LOU. [*After a pauſe.*] Wretched! every way undone Louiſa!—How ſolemnly did this man ſwear he was clear of all incumbrance!—And yet, this one creditor!——Others, no doubt, will follow——! It was but yeſterday I heard him calculating how much my jewels would fetch!——After which, my wardrobe, I ſuppoſe, muſt go for a laſt ſcanty ſupply—?——I no longer wonder at his keeping our marriage ſecret!——The proſpect is dreary!—and——

CLAC. [*Entering haſtily.*] Madam! I am out of breath!—unable to ſpeak!——I am ſo alarmed! and ſhocked!

and vexed! and disappointed!—that—that—I can't utter a syllable to tell you so, Mem!

LOU. So it seems!—Say;—what's the matter?

CLAC. Nay—I can't say, Mem!—Only, what I see, I *see*:—and what I hear, I *hear*.

LOU. But,—what *have* you seen?—What heard?

CLAC. No great matter, after all, Mem!—Only Mr. Perkins, being sent for by Mr. Seymour, is gone away in uch a flustration!——

LOU. Sent for by Mr. Seymour!—To these lodgings!

CLAC. Nay! Mem, never suspect me!——What I see, I *see*: and what I hear, I *hear*:——but,—for keeping a secret!——[*Puts her hand to her heart.*]

LOU. [*Placing her hand on Clackit's mouth.*] You put your hand on the wrong place, girl.——But, what have you seen?—What heard?——

CLAC. Nay! Mem, what I saw was Mr. Seymour's servant; who happening to meet Mr. Perkins in the street—

LOU. Was that the case?——Why, Clackit!—you deserve to be at the head of the Alarmists!—especially, as the French are coming to eat us all up!——Did Mr. Perkins go away in anger?

CLAC. ..... Anger! Mem! He threatened to set fire to the house!—and gave me such positive orders that no one should be admitted to you!

LOU. Orders! say you?—Orders!—to *you*?—Nay, then—Retire!—Retire! I say—[*Exit Clackit.*]—This last insult is beyond what I will suffer!——Mr. Seymour shall know!——Mr. Seymour?——Benevolent as he is, he would spurn me from him!——

CLAC. [*Entering hastily.*] Oh! Madam! Madam!

LOU. How!—Some fresh alarm?

CLAC. Oh! no, Mem!—Mr. Perkins!——

LOU. Mr. Perkins?—What of him?—[*Sighs.*]

CLAC. Nay, Mem!—I'm sure nothing disagreeable has passed between him and Mr. Seymour:—for, he looks so cheerful!

LOU. [*After a short pause.*] Cheerful? Alas!—A month ago, I could look so, too!— [*Exit in tears.*

CLAC. [*Following.*] Well!—when I get married, I hope to be very different from all this! [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to Seymour's House.*

SEYMOUR, *Major* O'CONNEL, *and the Marquis de* VERNEUIL.

SEYM. Your delicacy, Monsieur le Marquis, is ill-founded. You must allow me to befriend you.—Where calamity is the result of oppression; and where the mean of redress is honourable industry; it is not the *country*, but the *man* —not the *name*; but the *misfortune*, we have to consider.

Maj. O'CON. Your rule for judging of emigrants, Mr. Seymour, reminds me of our manner of dealing with potatoes in the dear country! where, amidst many cast-offs, we foster the best, for the sake of improving the breed.

SEYM. [*To the Marquis.*] My countrymen are too liberal to murmur at seeing a foreigner of true honour cultivate an English farm.

Maj. O'CON. True, Mr. Seymour.—But, may not the *acres* find out the difference?—

SEYM. [*Smiling.*] The acres, Major!——My life for it! the Marquis will be a good farmer.

MARQ. A more honourable one, at least, than if I had been a *Farmer General* on our old wretched system!—— Oh! that my countrymen had thought as I did, at the beginning of things!

Maj. O'CON. Nay, never go back to the *beginning* of things, or you'll find no *end*, let me tell you!

SEYM. [*To the Marquis.*] Consider, Sir, you are not of those who fled prematurely!—Fled, and left their——I cannot utter it!

MARQ. [*With emotion.*] When my Sovereign fell!— when his consort followed! I looked on my own, and said——"*She* also may become a victim!"——

Maj. O'CON. ——Nay! had you suffered the little woman to come to mischief, if no one else had cut your throat, be assured that O'Connel would have done the business!

MARQ. Ah! *Major!*—You are always on the side of *Madame la Marquise!*

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MARQ. Ah! *Major!*—You are always on the side of *Madame la Marquise!*

Maj. O'Con. To be ſure I am! or wiſh to be.—Remember, how I uſed to be talking her over at your *Chateau de Verneuil!*

Marq. Ah! If I can but reconcile her to the idea of farming?—

Maj. O'Con. Oh! Leave that to me! I'll make her as proud at the head of her little dairy as ever ſhe was at a more ſplendid Court!—What! I ſuppoſe, ſhe laments the loſs of her titles, and parchments? As if, like an old almanack, they were any longer of uſe, now they are out of date?

Marq. *Ma Foi! Monſieur le Major!* you know *Madame la Marquiſe* almoſt better than I do!——

Maj. O'Con. To be ſure I do!

Marq. Well!—If you can but bring her to reaſon?——

Maj. O'Con. Look ye, Monſieur le Marquis! I know ſhe's a *woman*: and yet, I'll bring her to *reaſon*; and to *more* than reaſon.—She ſhall be as fond of a country life as any of the nightingales! Only let me ſalute her in the good old Iriſh way!

Marq. *Monſieur le Major!*—I ſhall be ſo *obligé!*—But, you'll remember?—*Honneur!*—*Honneur!*——

Maj. O'Con. Never fear for honour, Monſieur le Marquis.—It is one thing, where a *huſband* entruſts *his wife* to an Iriſhman's care: another, where *the lady* chooſes to *entruſt herſelf.*——Rely on O'Connel! by whom no man or woman was ever yet betrayed. Oh! how I long to be in the country! [*To Mr. Seymour, ſignificantly.*] There, we *can* turn things in and out, without danger;—there, make *ſuch changes* as we deem neceſſary——!

Seym. Major! Major! never mix politics with your potatoes!

Maj. O'Con. And why not—while I give the potatoes a fair preference?

Seym. [*To the Marquis.*] The Major, you ſee, is for RINGING CHANGES!

Maj. O'Con. True! as I ring a guinea; to know what is ſterling; and to avoid counterfeits.——And now, Monſieur le Marquis! [*Taking his hand*] I am ſorry to ſee you, after all!——

Marq. *Sorry?* Major!

Maj.

Maj. O'Con. *Sorry!*——for; be the cauſe of emigration what it may, ſtill it is a damned unfortunate cauſe!—

Seym. Spoken with reaſon, Major!

Maj. O'Con. With reaſon?—Aye; and from experience too! [*To the Marquis.*] You muſt know, that ſeveral of my wiſe anceſtors thought fit to emigrate under one of the Stuarts——!—So, they loſt their potatoe-grounds; and gained a precious bargain!

Marq. *Gained!*——What! by emigration?

Maj. O'Con. Yes.—They each got a bit of red ribband at the button-hole!——Mr. Seymour! You'll own, there's nothing like adhering to our King, and to the country?

Seym. Periſh the man who would ſeparate that union!

Marq. You have ſeen ſervice, Major?

Maj. O'Con. [*Indifferently.*] A dozen campaigns, or ſo.—But then, I never talk about them—For, 'tis with *bravery*, as with *knavery*:—thoſe who ſay the leaſt, effect the moſt.——

Seym. Right, Major! And, if the point requires proof, let the French land on our coaſt and put us to it!

Maj. O'Con. Yes! and fog, or no fog, let them peep into old Bantry again, if they dare! [*Going.*] Come! come, Monſieur le Marquis! you muſt not be offended by what I ſay about emigration.——My notion is ſimply this:—that, when things *do* come to a tuſsle, there is nothing like ſticking to the *native ſod!*—And that, till honour, as in your caſe, bids him fly, the very *laſt* thing a man ſhould do in his own country, is—to *emigrate* from it! [*Exeunt.*

END *of the* FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE, *the Essex Coast.*

HOPEFUL, *with a Bundle of wet Papers in his Hand.*

MAY the land on which I at length tread be propitious to me! and may heaven be propitious to that land! Let me see;—Above five years ago I might have said this! But, it was my own choice to risk my fate in a vessel at war with Barbarians: and now I have had a narrow escape on my native coast.—But it is an escape: and though all else be lost, I have saved my credentials. [*Looking over his papers.*] Oh! if the hopes excited in me by my poor mother should but be realized! It is strange that I could never get her to explain herself fully! In vain did I endeavour to persuade her to accompany me home.—"She would wait, at least," she said, "till she might know the reception I met with;"—and when I asked her from whom? she burst into tears—bade God bless me, and withdrew! [*Puts up the papers, after pressing them to his heart.*] My first care must be to find out this Mr. Janus, to whom I am referred for first explanations—Then to my friend and schoolfellow, Perkins—Whatever be his luck in life, he no doubt will be in raptures to greet me! Well! there is no calamity so hard but that a spark of consolation may be struck from it. I might have been cast on the Highlands of Scotland: and then, egad! my misfortune would have been complete! [*Looking round.*] So the weather is cold, and continues foul!—No matter.—With such hopes, such elements as glow here within, [*Laying his hand on his breast*] my peace should never depend on the other elements, were they to wreck me on a thousand shores! [*Exit.*

SCENE,

CENE, *Janus's Study, greatly lumbered with old Books, and with an electrical Apparatus, &c. in much Dirt and Disorder.*

JANUS.

Her taking me for a creditor, was a lucky hit, or rather mistake, which may be turned to good account.—I must lose no time, however, in forcing Mr. Perkins to come down largely, from the hold I have of him; or my creditors will lose all patience.—They are heartily tired of my *arguing the case* with them: and even my most *alluring face* begins to lose its effect by long usage. [*Seeing Retail at a distance.*] So! here comes one of long-standing patience! Well! That shall defend me which was hired to defend others. [*Takes up a newspaper, and holds it before his face.*—] Let's see what news from Germany will serve my purpose.——

RETAIL. [*Without bowing.*]

Sir!—Mr. Janus!—I am sorry to have to come once more——

JAN. [*Pretending not to hear him.*] So! so! Just as I thought!—just as I predicted!

RET. I say, Mr. Janus!

JAN. The Emperor will be ruined beyond a doubt!

RET. Sir, I must be ruined, unless——

JAN. And yet, Prince Charles is a tight little fellow too!

RET. [*In vain attempting to get a sight of him.*] Sir! what the devil is Prince Charles, or his tight little fellowship, to me?——I come to—

JAN. Nay—In spite of all exertions, I fear he'll be driven into the last ditch.

RET. As to what ditch he is driven into, Sir——

JAN. Then here's this Buonaparte! Egad! the Pope will have to take all things in *good part* now!

RET. Nay, Sir, his Holiness must *lose* all things, in good part—But what's that to me, if I am to lose my money? [*Pulls the paper from before him.*]

JAN. [*Taking off his spectacles, and with affected surprise.*] How! What! You here, Mr. Retail! My people are so negligent! Why did they not announce you?

RET. I can announce myself, Sir.

JAN.

JAN. [*Rising up.*] Well! but what, in the name of philosophy! can have discomposed you thus?—Let me know your wrongs!

RET. And let me have my right, Sir.

JAN. How! Does any man debar you of your right? *O tempora! O mores!* Deprive an honest tradesman of his right! Who? I say!—

RET. Who!—Why, dammy, Sir, can you ask that question? Mine is a hard case, Sir.

JAN. Who denies it?—A hard case! Be assured I feel for you.

RET. I wish you would feel for your purse, Sir, and—

JAN. Well! 'tis no matter.—I'll do you justice.

RET. I hope you will, Sir, for unless——

JAN. Well! well! I know you want money: I know you do! You have a large family—I consider that.—And then the want of money is so universal, that no axiom of philosophy can be more so. [*Shewing the newspaper.*] The Emperor of Germany, you see, complains bitterly about it! Shall I read you the paragraph? [*Puts on his spectacles.*]

RET. No! Damn the paragraph! Let's keep out of Germany, and settle matters at home, Sir——That's my notion!

JAN. True!—Right, Mr. Retail. I like your notion of politics; but the French seem to be even in a more ruinous condition—Here, read this debate, and judge for yourself.

RET. Sir—as to reading debates!——

JAN. [*Aside.*] How the knave perseveres!

RET. [*Shews the bill.*] Look at the dates, Sir, and be ashamed!

JAN. Just heavens! Mr. Retail! what is it you say? Why! surely you have not been meaning *me* all this while!

RET. Not meaning you! Pay your bill, Sir! I say, pay your bill.

JAN. Pay it?—What! without a shilling in the house? in these hard times? and with such an expensive family as you see about me? Indeed! indeed, Mr. Retail!—— You may rely upon it, Mr. Retail, [*Points to a column of the newspaper*] that unless other measures——

RET.

RET. As to other measures, Sir——

JAN. Nay—nay—unless other——So! I perceive the Baron de Pommes de Terre on his way to my door. No doubt he has fresh intelligence from Flanders.

RET. Intelligence from Flanders! What's that to—? Name a day at least!—

JAN. Name a day!—Aye, now you speak like a man! Say to-morrow—any day, I shall be happy to see you.

RET. You'll call, then?

JAN. [*Putting him out.*] Yes, yes, I'll be sure to call; —and [*after putting him out*] tell you all the news I get about Flanders and Italy.

RET. [*Behind the scenes.*] Oh! damn your news from Flanders! damn your news from Italy!—[*Returns.*] If I must be paid in news and paper, let the *Jervis stamp* give it sterling value! [*Exit.*

JAN. What a tough rogue!—Never had so hard a case to argue in my life! I must lose no time in forcing money from Mr. Perkins. [*Opening the foldings of a book case, which had stood a-jar, and discovering several heaps of silver.*] Egad, I must be more cautious! [*Shuts and looks it.*] for a creditor's eye is worse than that of a hawk; and had Mr. Retail happened to see——But, I must not forget *Monsieur* le Baron—By this time, no doubt, he and my wife are at it, *tête-à-tête.* [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to a Street, with a Butcher's Shop on one side, a Baker's on the other; and an Eating-house in view.*

QUICKSCENT. [*Looking at each in turn.*]

QUICKS. Heigh-ho! Here do I stand like—like—Curse it! why seek comparisons, when a man has to seek for a dinner? Of what avail is it to me that I have beef on one side—bread on the other? If such things were out of sight, one might forget—[*Laying his hand on his belly*] But no, damn it! here is a remembrancer that never can fail. Heigh-ho! [*Feels in his pockets.*] All empty here too! And what manor next to choose for a dinner-hunt to day, rot me if I know! Humph! [*Approaching the butcher's shop.*] This is a delicate rump! What's the price, butcher?

BUTCHER. [*Eyeing him askew.*] The price, eh! Why, are you a man to buy rumps?

QUICKS. Why—N—o.

BUTCHER. [*Entering and ſhutting his bar.*] Then, damme! why aſk? Look to the out-hangings there. [*To his boy.*]

QUICKS. Humph! A true butcher! He chops me as ſhort as he would a cutlet!——The baker, perhaps, may be more civil.—Pſhaw! Civility, in this way, is like a weed on a rock, that withers in the ſunſhine, and can draw no nouriſhment!—Lo! [*Looking to the eating-houſe.*] there comes a round, ſmoking from the pot!—I ſmell the flavour even at this diſtance.—I'll riſk a bold ſtroke. [*Advancing.*] Should they clap me into priſon; hunger, they ſay, can eat through a ſtone wall. At all events, and at a venture, in I go.—[*Enters the Eating-houſe.*]

SCENE *changes to the Eating-room.—Several tables unoccupied.—The company at the others not of the firſt rate.*

QUICKSCENT. [*Looking round and affecting great importance.*]

QUICKS. Waiter! Waiter! I ſay—A plate of the round! with greens: Quick! with a pint—nay, e'en let it be a pot of beer—Mellow! mind me. [*The Waiter eyes him attentively, and heſitates.—A ſcene in dumb ſhow paſſes between them.*]

CLERG. A deſperate meaſure, this! of aboliſhing tythes! What is to become of religion?

A ſhabby fellow in a tawdry laced coat. As to tythes, and religion, Sir——But, 'tis a public room; and I ſhan't ſay more.

QUICKS. [*To the Waiter, on the other ſide.*] The rule, you ſay, to pay before hand?——

WAIT. To all but ſet cuſtomers, Sir.

QUICKS. [*After a pauſe.*] A damned bad rule, then!

WAIT. We find it a good one, Sir.

QUICKS. Find it! [*Softening.*] Well! but, where you ſee you have a Gentleman to deal with!

WAIT. Oh, Sir—ſo many gentlemen go off without paying, now-a-days!—Very bad times for payments, Sir!

QUICKS. Come! come! I'm not to be trifled with.—Bring your plate of beef—I ſhall ſtep out by and by, after ſwallowing a morſel or two, and get change. [*Putting his hand in his pocket.*]

WAIT. [*Significantly.*] I can give you change, Sir.

QUICKS. Can you ſo? That's very well:—but—I'm

particular

particular in what silver I take. [*A cry of* "Waiter! Waiter!" *from several parts.*]—Attend the company.—I'm in no hurry.

WAIT. Consider? Aye, what silver you are to take! He's a deep one! But I'm up to him. [*Attends the other tables.*]

QUICKS. Damn'd unfortunate! Curse him, and his rule! I see they keep a close eye on the door! Humph! How different is a house of this sort, from *another house*; where *to get in without paying*, is the only difficulty! [*Hums and sings to himself.*]

"While here I remain, my life's not worth a farthing!
"The gallows, more kind, would have kept me from starving."

[HOPEFUL *enters: and after looking at the company, and hesitating for a moment, exclaims*—"Well! 'tis no matter!" *and seats himself at a solitary table, seeming greatly fatigued.*]

QUICKS. [*After eyeing him very attentively*] So! here's a gentleman of I know not what order! Too modest to be of our dinner-hunting tribe? Yet, perplexed enough for one just thrown off the scent. Egad! he may be one of us—I'll observe him; and see how *he* settles matters with this scurvy waiter. [*Walks near Hopeful, and hums*]—

"While here I remain, I'm not worth a farthing."

WAIT. [*To Hopeful.*] Did you call, Sir?

HOPEF. Why, no—I'm so fatigued with travelling—I question, whether I shall be able to eat, after all.

QUICKS. [*Aside.*] How different from me! [*Sings.*]

"While here I remain!"—

WAIT. We have choice joints ready, Sir:—Say, shall it be, beef? mutton? veal?—or——

HOPEF. Nay—the roast beef of Old England! if I must eat.

WAIT. Beef then, Sir—It shall be before you in a moment. [*Exit.*

QUICKS. Here in a moment! What the devil did the fellow see in me, now, to make this difference? [*To the Waiter, who sets the beef before Hopeful.*] You'll bring the fellow cut for me?

WAIT. [*Scornfully.*] Y—es—as ſoon as you have got—change. [*Attends at another part of the room.*]

QUICKS. Curſe my ſtars! This is too bad! To be both ſtarved and inſulted! and by ſuch a fellow, too! [*Seeing him eat a morſel indifferently.*] How ſlowly he goes to work! I ſhall go diſtracted!

"While here I remain," &c.

[*Loud enough to be heard by Hopeful.*]

One of the company to a man decently dreſſed. I ſay, Sir, you *was* liſtening to my diſcourſe!

A ſecond.—Aye, he looks like a ſpy.

Several others.—How! a ſpy! a raſcally ſpy among us!

Others.—Roaſt him! baſte him! down with him!—

[*He eſcapes.*

Firſt Man.—I'll e'en diſpatch: for 'tis damned uncomfortable to have to account both for what goes into one's mouth, and what may happen to come out of it.

[*Clears his plate haſtily; and Exit.*

Second Man.—I'd beſt retire in time, or I may be ſuſpected. [*Exit.*

[*The others retire in turn, each eyeing Quickſcent with marked ſuſpicion, and ſaying*—"Aye, aye—'tis damn'd uncomfortable! 'tis damn'd uncomfortable!"

QUICKS. [*After they are gone.*] Well! I ſee I am take for ſomebody, at laſt! And is this all I'm to get by coming hither? [*To Hopeful, who beckons him.*] The room is clear'd, you ſee, Sir; and, "*nos turba ſumus*," as Virgil ſays.

HOPEF. [*Aſide; but overheard.*] So! Virgil! Some poor Poet, I apprehend?

QUICKS. [*Hearing him.*] No! not quite ſo unfortunate as to be a Poet. [*Sings.*]—

"While here I remain," &c.

That ſeems delicious beef, Sir.

HOPEF. And yet, you ſee, I have barely taſted it.—Suppoſe you do the honours for me? [*Putting the plate to him.*]

QUICKS. [*Sitting down eagerly.*] Why, Sir, I ſeldom can refuſe.—So, by way of ſhewing you the difference, here

here goes. [*He dispatches the beef very quickly.*] Always happy to help out a friend.

HOPEF. You are expeditious, Sir.

QUICKS. Expeditious! Oh! were you to see me at the City treats!—and then during the elections!——Elections are to me, perhaps, of more interest, than even to those who pay so dearly for them!—Then does my tailor go to work on every waistcoat! Aye, and small clothes too!—Then is my harvest.—Thence I come, not as you see me now; but plump as a partridge from the stubble. Pockets lined too: Oh! had you but seen me at the close of the late election in the Borough! Well! I wish we had elections once a year, at least! were it only for my sake!

HOPEF. You can manage a second plate?

QUICKS. A second?—Aye, and—Why—if you *could* for once stretch a point?——

HOPEF. Oh! by all means.—Waiter!—another plate of beef:—and a pot of beer!—

QUICKS. [*Rising and shaking his hand.*] [*To the Waiter.*] Aye, mellow—mind, Sir—let it be mellow!—[*Waiter sets the beef before him.*]—You wonder, that, I ordered none for myself? [*Eating very fast.*] How kind! and how lucky!

HOPEF. [*After contemplating him.*] Let me hope, Sir, you are not often reduced thus?

QUICKS. [*Without looking from his plate.*] No—Sir,—no—not quite so bad—seldom reduced to this last resource.—But, *coute qui coute*—something or nothing *here*—[*Shews his pockets.*] a man must put something *here*, you know. [*Laying his hand on his belly.*]

HOPEF. I am sorry to see you thus.

QUICKS. [*Rising after a clearance.*] Sorry to see me thus? [*Puts a large piece into his mouth.*] Nay—hang it—never talk of being sorry—for, now that I have laid in stock, I am as light and as airy as any thriving merchant in Christendom.

HOPEF. Yet—when I see a gentleman!

QUICKS. And believe me, Sir, you *do* see a gentleman: who wants nothing but a fortune to make him complete. [*Drinks.*] Come, Sir, you see I pledge you. Drink success to all poor gentlemen of the DINNER-HUNTING CORPS!

HOPEF.

HOPEF. The Dinner-hunting corps! Why? in a town like this, can there be many who——?

QUICKS. [*Aside.*] A mere novice, I ſee! [*To him.*] Many, Sir!—many! who, like me, have daily to *hunt for a dinner!*—Why, could we be fairly muſtered and got into heart, we alone might defy all the invaders in Europe! But then—mercy on thoſe who had to give us free quarters!

HOPEF. What! *Dinner-hunting* reduced to a ſyſtem too?

QUICKS. Aye—As thus:—Our firſt maxim is—never to be denied.

HOPEF. Indeed!——

QUICKS. That is—never to *take* a denial. As for *hints*, whether broad or ſharp, we diſregard them entirely! And as to doors——

HOPEF. You don't break them open, ſure?

QUICKS. No—but we *watch* them open: then with a "My dear friend! I am ſo happy to ſee you!—You know, I put nothing out of the way!——Madam, you look charmingly to-day!"—and ſo forth. The point is diſputed perhaps, till an impatient ſervant enters with—(O! words of comfort!) "Dinner's on table, madam;"—and then the devil's in it if we get turned out, you know!

HOPEF. Well! I proteſt——

QUICKS. Aye, aye—you muſt proteſt, and inſiſt too, if you mean to ſucceed in our way. Our ſecond rule is, never to act in a *corps;* nor, even like begging friars, to hunt in couples. In the third place—but here comes company. I'll impart the reſt ſome other time. [*Hopeful calls the Waiter, and pays the reckoning.*] Hold!—one good turn deſerves another.—You ſeem a ſtranger in London. You may have buſineſs in which I can aſſiſt you—If ſo—let me not be miſtruſted becauſe I happen to be an unfortunate dinner-hunter.

HOPEF. Nay, Sir.

QUICKS. For, though a poor, an excentric, you'll find me a very honeſt fellow.

HOPEF. I like your frankneſs, Sir.—The firſt buſineſs I have is with a Mr. Janus.

QUICK. Janus? I know him!—I hope you have no money dealings with him?

HOPEF.

HOPEF. None.

QUICKS. In other respects, you'll find him—as men are in general—a plausible outside, with what you please within. I'll conduct you to his house. I once attempted to make a point at his beef: but, as I had no point of interest to propose, I found it would not do. [*Going.*] I hope you and I shall be better acquainted?

HOPEF. By all means.—Only say where you may be met with.

QUICKS. Why, to say where I take up my abode for a permanency, might be difficult:—but—on the middle walk in St. James's park, at twelve precisely—There I contemplate faces, dispositions and fortunes—There I settle the hunt of the day; and should it be your fate to become a brother dinner-hunter——

HOPEF. Nay—that never can be—For, should disappointment be my lot, *brown Bess*, from that hour, shall be embraced by me: and, if I must seek a dinner, it shall, whatever may be the ground, be at the expence of the enemies of my country. [*Exit.*

QUICKS. In time, perhaps, I may catch your spirit.—But in the mean time—[*Looking round with caution*] as to-morrow may be an unlucky day, I'll e'en provide for it as far as I can. [*Pockets a piece of meat that had been left, and exit after Hopeful.*]

SCENE *changes to Janus's House.*

Mr. and Mrs. JANUS.

JAN. Well! but, my dear Peggy!

Mrs. JAN. Never tell me, Mr. Janus—I have been cooped up long enough. Here have you been projecting! and projecting! and promising me from year to year.—If this be the end of all your schemes and philosophy—?

JAN. But, my dear Peggy! What, in the name of philosophy, would you have me to do?—Remember our old maxim—"Whatever *is*, is right."

Mrs. JAN. That may do well enough for creditors; but, am I to be the dupe of our own system?—I, who, till your extravagance had ruined us——

JAN. Nay—nay—you had your full share, egad!

Mrs.

Mrs. JAN. I, who never knew what it was but to rise, like our tropical suns, in the fulness of splendor!—Never moved without an army, as I may call it, of slaves to attend me! Yet, here I am to be kept in the shade and back ground! and all this on *your* account!

JAN. You had your share—you had your swing!

Mrs. JAN. [*Aside.*] Had *my* swing? [*Half aside.*] I wish you had *yours!*—In short, Sir, I, who never used to stoop for even a pin, will stoop to such things no longer.

JAN. Zounds, madam!—

Mrs. JAN. Hold!—Sir—don't swear—You forget you are a *moral* philosopher?

JAN. Well!—and you forget . . . . . But, my dear Peggy!

Mrs. JAN. Nay—nay—*Argue the case* with your creditors. I *will* appear, Sir—I *will* be seen—I *will*—I *will!* [*Exit.*

JAN. So!—If it comes to this! If she even refuses to let me *argue the case* with her——[*Pausing for a long while, putting on various faces.*]

Mrs. JANUS, *entering in a violent passion.*

Mrs. JAN. Quasheba! I say—Quasheba!—Was ever a woman of fashion so beset as I am?

JAN. [*Starting from his reveries.*] Eh?—What have we now?—A woman of fashion! eh?—

Mrs. JAN. What have we?—What have we not? except supplies of money. Quasheba! I say—Here are chairs for the company I expect this evening, consisting of the very first emigrant Noblesse!

JAN. Nay—I hope you don't mean Princes, and all?

Mrs. JAN. Here are chairs, I say! inlaid with dust, like the tombs in Westminster abbey! And then such tables! Why, they have not had a dry rub this age!

JAN. I wish I could say as much!

Mrs. JAN. And then the settee above stairs is so rumpled! nay, the whole house in such a litter!—Quasheba! I say.

QUASHEBA. [*Muttering.*]

QUASH. Here I be, mum.

Mrs. JAN. Here you be, truly.—Yes:—and here I be! and

and—[*Enter a Marquis and a Baron behind Mrs. Janus.*] here are ſights for the grand company! Here's a chair for Monſieur le Baron! [*Throws one down in a paſſion.*] And here's another for Monſieur le Marquis!—[*This ſecond chair hits the Baron's ſhins; the Marquis having jumped nimbly over it.*]

BAR. [*Rubbing his ſhin.*] *Ma foi! et mon Dieu! matame!* De marquis be in luck!—He have eſcape de chaiſe intended for him.

MARQ. *Oh! qu'oui, Baron!* [*Gives a jump upwards.*] It is always my viſh to riſe above misfortune!

Mrs. JAN. [*Curtſeying often, and very awkwardly.*] Monſieur le Baron! I am ſo ſorry! and ſo confounded!—But I have a cheſt of ſalves and plaiſters here, which——

BAR. [*Still rubbing.*] Non, Matame! bien obligé! Dere be von *apotaker* juſt by:—and, as I ſee we have paid a viſite *très mal à propos*——

MARQ. [*Going.*] I ſhall have de honneur of attending de ball and ſouper, Matame!

BAR. I alſo vil endeavour to ſit at the ſouper: but for de ball,—I hope, Matame vil *excuſer*. [*Going off limping.*] *Quelles gens! Quelle canaille!* [*Exeunt Marq. and Bar.*

JAN. What a pity my wife is not more philoſophical!

Mrs. JAN. You ſee, Quaſheba, how I am ſerved!

QUASH. [*Stifling a laugh.*] How the *Baron* has been ſerved, you mean, Mum.

Mrs. JAN. Do you hear?—Mr. Janus!—Do you ſee?—This comes of your!—Huſſey!—Slut!—Dæmon!

QUASH. Nay—can I help it, Mum, if you will turn the houſe topſy-turvy—and fling chairs about, whether folks be in the way or not?

Mrs. JAN. There too! Oh that I had you again in the Weſt-Indies!

QUASH. Better be ſent thither, or even to a hotter place! than lead the life I do.

JAN. Nay—I muſt ſay, the wench was not to blame.

Mrs. JAN. [*Crying.*] Aye, aye—'tis no wonder *you* take her part!

JAN. So! ſhe ſtill remembers the ſettee above ſtairs! [*To her.*] Now, my dear Peggy!

QUASH. [*As they are ſettling matters in dumb ſhow.*] Miſtreſs pay me no wages: and yet always grumbling!

How things are to be managed I don't know, while the house is always full of French folk, who snuff, and hawk, and spit, and cause such a litter! While poor I have to clean; cook; bake; brew;—and all for nothing, except being abused!—Oh! what it is to be born a poor, injured, and unpitied negro-wench!—Liable to every insult!—without hope!—without a friend! [*Exit crying. Mrs Janus follows her, without being reconciled.*]

JAN. Some folks hold that we philosophers should never be such fools as to get married!—Well! I must still be true to my own maxims—"Whatever *is*, is right." [*Going.*]

QUASHEBA *entering.*

QUASH. Here's a gentleman, Sir, of the name of Hopeful.

JAN. Shew him into the blue parlour. Hopeful!—'Tis a fanciful name! and who knows but it may prove ominous too? [*Exit.*

END *of the* SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

An Apartment in Seymour's House.

Marquise de VERNEUIL. [*Major* O'CONNEL, SEYMOUR, *and the* MARQUIS, *aside, and observing her.*]

MR. Seymour, I own, be good!—very good!—But!—*Mon Dieu!* are we going to be *enterrés?*—buried in the country? [*Muses apart.*]

MARQ. [*Aside.*] Ah! as I feared!—She'll never be reconciled!

Maj. O'CON. Never be reconciled! eh?—[*Coming gently*

gently forward.] Don't be joining us, to ſpoil good company.—We Iriſhmen object to ſeconds, in this way.—Beſides, I never ſucceed ſo well with women, as when I am alone. [*Advances towards her.*] Allow, Madame, a gentleman of Ireland to——[*Bowing.*]

MARQUISE. [*On ſeeing him.*] Ha!—*Mon Dieu!*—What do I ſee!—*N'eſt-ce pas!*—Oui!—Yes!—le major O'Connel!—I am ſo glad!——

Maj. O'CON. [*Saluting her.*] Madame! with all an Iriſhman's ſoul——But, ſo glad! were you ſaying?—See now, what fibs theſe men will be telling!—Your huſband ſaid you were all ſorrow and affliction!

MARQUISE. [*In a diſconſolate manner.*] He ſaid very right, Sir.

Maj. O'CON. Nay, then it is your own dear ſelf who are telling me fibs! However, as we allow good latitude to women in that line, I'll not be reproaching you at our firſt meeting. Is it the country you are afraid of?

MARQUISE. It *is*, Major.

Maj. O'CON. What! when your huſband;—when Mr. Seymour;—and I too, ſhall be with you?

MARQUISE. *Vous!*—You, Major?—With us in the country?

Maj. O'CON. Not, if you look ſorrowful, and object to it.

MARQUISE. Object?—Ah Major! Major! remember Verneuil!

Maj. O'CON. No. That's the very thing we want to forget!—Let me be telling you the ſtory of my great grandmother. She, like you, had misfortunes: though all her loſſes were reduced to one;—the loſs of a huſband—who died before ſhe had time to marry him.

MARQUISE. She loſt her huſband?—That was unfortunate! But, then, ſhe did not loſe the *beau monde!*

Maj. O'CON. Nor ſhall you. Where do you find ſuch *beau monde* as in the country?—The cows; and the calves; and the geeſe; and the pigs:—the parſon's wife; and the juſtice's daughter!—Is not every thing *beau monde*, in the country? Come, come, jewel! be guided by the example of my great grandmother.

MARQUISE. She was of the race of the O'Connels?

Maj. O'CON. She was:—and of the true breed, too!

MARQUISE. The O' is a mark of great diſtinction in Ireland?

Maj. O'CON. It ought to be ſo, Madame; for it diſtinguiſhes *many!* We Iriſh differ from all our neighbours. With other nations, the OH! is a note of lamentation.—With us 'tis a ſign of triumph and dignity! Formerly, however, there were only FOUR of us who laid claim to the PRETTY ROUND LETTER of INTRODUCTION:—but, of late, it has multiplied beyond our potatoes!

MARQUISE. Indeed!

Maj. O'CON. Yes: once, 'twas as ſacred as a lady's wedding-ring: but now 'tis a hoop that fits every barrel. I remember a ſilly fellow who grew tired of ſweet Ireland, and went on foreign travel. Till then the name had been ſimple Lynch. But no ſooner had the blockhead reached Calais than 'twas Paddy O'Lynch all the world over!—But, I ſee this talking about titles and diſtinctions makes you melancholy. Let us forget O's and AH's!—and keep my great grandmother's bright example in view.—Like yourſelf, ſhe had been fond of titles, and making a noiſe in the world: and in what do you think her ambition ended?—[*After pauſing as for a reply.*] Why, ſhe found conſolation in the ſweets of pudding-making!

MARQUISE. Pudding-making!—The making of *boudins!*—But, was ſhe not to blame?

Maj. O'CON. Thoſe who ate the puddings never thought ſo. Do *you* think of her, and be reconciled.

MARQUISE. I will, Major—But—but—can I forget my line of anceſtors?

Maj. O'CON. No. Remember it juſt as you do your prayers: to turn it to a good, and to a *ſhort* account.—Anceſtors are gone before as the vanguard of life. They are fallen; and none can ſay—March, Honeys! to them. So that our whole concern muſt be about the men who ſtand firm in the centre of exiſtence; and the boys who are merrily bringing up the rear.

MARQUISE. And can this be your *real* opinion of anceſtry?

Maj. O'CON. Why not?—Anceſtry is but the moonſhine of yeſterday! well enough to look at, for the ſake of looking:—but then only to be admired while reaſon holds the glaſs, and points back to honour.

MARQUISE.

MARQUISE. Yet—*Honours!*—Major!

Maj. O'CON. Are mere *pluralities*, Madame. *Honour* ſtill is yours. Be reaſonable: and, like a good parſon, confine yourſelf to a *ſingle benefice.*

MARQUISE. [*Leaning on his arm.*] But—*Mes ſeize quartiers!* Major!—My ſixteen quarters on the coat of arms!—You'll allow me to regret——?

Maj. O'CON. Nothing, jewel! in my company. Say, what is regret, but a ſilly whimpering fellow? who having loſt a farthing, throws away the jewel of content in mere avarice of deſpair.

SEYM. [*Coming forward with the Marquis.*] Your hand, Major.—Fighting is not your only *fort*, I ſee.

Maj. O'CON. So!—two liſteners!—[*To the Marquis.*] And do you always intend to watch my motions?

MARQ. Non! non, Major!—I am ſo *obligé!*—

MARQUISE. Still—when I recollect my *ſixteen quarters!*

SEYM. Can't you do as our fellows do, Madam, when drawn for the militia?—find a ſubſtitute.

Maj. O'CON. To be ſure ſhe ſhall! while I do it for her. It is but conſidering the ſixteen geeſe and ganders that will be nibbling about the farm-door—Or—or—ſay the *bonny ſixteen* that come *far north:* who, like the *other ſixteen, will* be *nibbling;* and keep *bobbing it about* for what they can get!

SEYM. [*Offering to go.*] And now, Madame, with ſixteen integers of peerage, inſtead of the quarters, the Major has reaſon to hope——?

Maj. O'CON. [*Conducting her out.*] The Major, Sir, will anſwer for all things, when he gets the dear creature upon the turf. [*Exeunt.*

MARQ. [*Following.*] Bravo! Major, Bravo!—I am ſo rejoiced! and ſo *obligé!* [*Exit.*

SCENE, *Janus's Study; an open Letter, and Hopeful's Credentials on the Table. The Room wholly littered with old Books; Fragments of an Apparatus, &c. &c.*

JANUS *and* HOPEFUL, *with* QUICKSCENT *at the Side-Scene.*

QUICKS. [*Aſide.*] There is meanneſs, I own, in liſtening.

ing. But I am ſo curious to know the hiſtory of my new acquaintance, that—[*Taking a liſtening poſture*] egad! even an archbiſhop's dinner would hardly draw me away!

JAN. [*With affected concern.*] 'Tis unfortunate, I own, Sir!—very unfortunate!—Your credentials, you ſee, can be of no uſe?—[*Aſide.*] How lucky! that they are addreſſed to Mr Seymour, under his former name of *Bonfield!* How lucky, again! this youth's being referred to me!—Now, let Mr. Perkins refuſe me money if he dare!

QUICKS. [*Aſide.*] Ha!—I loſt all that!—The old fellow mumbles ſo.

HOPEF. [*After muſing apart, in great diſtreſs of mind.*]—What a wretch am I! And how are all my expectations diſappointed! With what fond hopes did I haſten hither!—And now, to find——[*To Janus*] My father, you ſay, had to fly his country? [*Janus bows aſſent*] Then, what remains for me, but to—— [*Offering to go.*]

JAN. Stay, Sir!—ſtay! I intereſt myſelf in your fate! [*Aſide.*] His preſence will be ſuch a hold on Perkins!—and, with ſuch cautions as I have given him, there can be no fear of a diſcovery—till—till I myſelf may make it! when the matter, as I ſhall manage it, will turn to good account.

QUICKS. [*Out of patience*] The old mumbling curmudgeon—I can't catch a ſyllable.

JAN. [*To Hopeful, who returns from his reverie.*] Come! come, Sir!—Be patient—be reſigned—Things will be as they will be!—Whatever is, is right!—For what remains; you ſee the anſwer we have got from Mr. Perkins.

HOPEF. Very different, I own, from what I expected from the companion of my youth!—So cold, and ſo reſerved! To be every way diſappointed!——Heavens! why was I born into a world like this?

QUICKS. [*Aſide.*] Quite diſtreſſed, and friendleſs! I ſee.—He'll have nothing for it, I fear, but to join our *corps!*

HOPEF. To be thus received! Thus *not* received, after all! [*Throws down Perkins's letter, and tramples on it.*] Oh my poor mother!—How often have you heard me laviſh in the praiſe of this man! and how will the account I have to ſend afflict you! But, alas! five years have elapſed! and Heaven only knows whether I may yet have—even a mother!

JAN.

JAN. No more, Sir. Rely on my care. Go to Mr. Seymour; he's a benevolent man; and, my life for it, he'll serve you:—only, be cautious! Not a word on your father's disgrace!—You mind?

HOPEF. I do, Sir—and am very sensible of your goodness.

JAN. Should Mr. Seymour——he's extremely nice in point of family honour——and, should a *hint* be dropt!—should he once come to know who and what you are!

HOPEF. Rely on my caution, Sir.

QUICKS. [*Aside, and going.*] So! going to Mr. Seymour's!—I've long had an eye to his exquisite mutton!—and—and—I'll try luck on this occasion. Should I get into jeopardy, my friend here, and Perkins, will bear me through. [*Exit.*

HOPEF. [*After debating apart, on what to resolve.*] You advise me to apply to Mr. Seymour?

JAN. I do. Your assumed name of Hopeful will do. It was your mother's choice, you know, in sending you to College on the Continent. There is a virtue in names, as Mr. Shandy well observes. Go to Mr. Seymour—You need not mention *my* name:—but—but—don't be too bashful—You understand me?

HOPEF. [*Going.*] I do, Sir—and Heaven send I may one day be able to——

JAN. Oh, not a word in that way!—Only should Mr. Seymour *come down* largely——?—why—in that case, you'll remember who——?—But—lose not a moment—Success attend you! [*Exit Hopeful.*

JAN. [*After seeing him fairly out.*] These of no use?—[*Taking up the credentials.*] In my hands they shall be of such use, that Mr. Perkins shall become like wax between my fingers,—or—or—yield his place to the real heir. [*Locks them up.*] How lucky is this arrival, and interview!—I perceive no family likeness in the youth!—and, with such caution as I have recommended——[*Rubbing his hands.*] Oh I play a sure game now!—[*Making faces, and going.*]

Mrs. JANUS *entering.*

Mrs. JAN. What! are we always to be plagued in this way?

way?—And am I never to live in ſtyle?—Never in comfort?

JAN. Why, my dear Peggy! what's the matter?

MRS. JAN. The matter?—Why, I expect grand company every moment! and here's another creditor!

JAN. Another creditor?—Is that all? How very unphiloſophical women are!—In a moment I'll come—and—*argue the caſe* with him. [*Exit Mrs. Janus.*] Aye, aye!—I'll put on my half-and-half face; and fob him off in the good old way. [*Exit.*

An Apartment in Seymour's Houſe.

PERKINS *and a Servant.*

PERK. A ſtranger! you ſay, with Mr. Seymour?

SERV. Yes, Sir.

PERK. Young—or old?

SERV. About your own age, Sir. They ſeemed in cloſe conference as I entered the room.

PERK. Ha!—In cloſe conference?—What was ſaid? What did you hear?

SERV. Nay, Sir. Being ordered by Mr. Seymour to withdraw——

PERK. It can be no other!—Yet—that he ſhould thus intrude, after the letter I wrote!—[*To the Servant.*] Leave me. [*Exit Servant.*] If he ſeems at all likely to get a footing here, I muſt, and I will ouſt him. His open countenance; his engaging manners, would ſoon make him a favourite with ſuch a man as Seymour. I'll have no ſuch rival to *ſhare* things with me.

Servant entering.

SERV. Mr. Seymour, Sir, requeſts your preſence.

PERK. Say, I'll attend him. [*Exit Servant.*] Well!—ſince we are thus to meet, I muſt endeavour to explain—to account for the letter I ſent. [*Going.*] Endeavour? Where the point is diſſimulation, thank Heaven, I have not to learn my leſſon. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *Seymour's Study.*

SEYM. [*To Hopeful.*] Mr. Perkins your ſchool-fellow on the continent, you ſay?

HOPEF.

HOPEF. He was, Sir. Be assured, Sir, that——

SEYM. Nay—here he comes to greet you!

PERKINS *enters gaily.* HOPEFUL *stands doubtful what reception to give him.*

PERK. What!—My friend!—The companion of my youth, under this roof? [*Aside to him, and embracing.*] You have acted imprudently in coming thus.—However, ——[*Aloud, and shaking his hand.*] You must excuse me [*To Seymour.*] for thus giving way to the emotions of my heart!—But this interview is—as—unexpected—[*Aside.*] as it is unwelcome! [*They converse apart.*]

SEYM. [*After observing them awhile.*] How amiable! how endearing are such ties of friendship! which lead us back to the days of pleasing delusion, and constitute all but the greatest bliss of riper years!—I like the looks and manners of this youth. What a satisfaction had it been for his father to have lived, and seen him grow up thus! —Alas! such hopes were once mine!—I am pleased to see Perkins greet him so cordially.—But my presence restrains them—[*Going.*] Where two young hearts have to expand after long separation, it were cruel not to give nature her full play.

[*Exit, after contemplating Hopeful with emotion.*

PERK. [*Coming forward with Hopeful.*] How could you be so unjust as to suppose——?—What! Your bosom friend? your sworn brother! as I may say.—Be assured, that I had reasons!——for writing as I did.—We make a mighty show of benevolence in this family!—Has Seymour proposed any thing for . . . . . ?

HOPEF. Was that to be expected? He receives me with great kindness: and, might I draw conclusions from so short an interview——

PERK. So *short* an interview?—I like that—[*To him.*] You've made known your wants?

HOPEF. No.—I meant it, but could not. Alas! my poor mother gave me to expect something so very different from what I am reduced to!——I had hopes—yes, hopes of finding a father!—whom now never——

PERK. Dead? eh?—Well! Life is all a lottery!—And as to the unreasonable expectations of mothers!—Mr. Seymour, you say, has made you no offers of service?

HOPEF. None.

PERK. Then—Let me ſee—Let me ſee—what to propoſe to him?—How do I regret the want of fortune at this moment!——What to propoſe? Seymour is ſo avaricious!—Yet—Let me ſee—You're fond of enterprize?——Which ſay you?—The public ſervice? or a private venture of great promiſe?

HOPEF. Nay, at a time like this, when we talk of enemies attempting our coaſts, can I heſitate to ſay, the ſervice of my country?

PERK. Yet—No—My friend ſhall not be ſacrificed in that way. No, no—I've a better thing in view for you! —Yet—yet the idea of ſeparation ſo ſoon!

HOPEF. That, you know, we muſt diſregard.

PERK. Nay—not a moment muſt be loſt; for the veſſel ſails the firſt fair wind. As to your equipment—I'll run the riſk of propoſing that to Mr. Seymour. He can but deduct the amount from my poor allowance.—Nay—not a word! I'll hear no objection.——My friend *ſhall* be ſerved! I'll break the matter to Mr. Seymour immediately.

HOPEF. Nay—on ſuch terms I never will conſent to—

PERK. You *ſhall* conſent. You *ſhall* be ſerved! [*Hopeful deliberates apart.*]—I've contrived means for the removal of old Janus: and one conveyance will do for both.—[*To Hopeful, who remains muſing at a diſtance.*] Come, my friend! I lament the neceſſity of loſing you ſo ſoon: but, I'm determined, Mr. Seymour *ſhall* befriend you! [*Exit.*

HOPEF. [*Following him.*] All zeal for my ſervice!—How wrong have I been in ſuſpecting my friend! [*Exit.*

SCENE, *a Court.*

QUICKSCENT *in the Hands of two Servants.*

QUICKS. Well—you may repent this uſage! Call your maſter!—Call your maſter!—You'll find I have friends in the family.

HUMPHREY. We ſhall ſee that, Sir. [*Mr. Seymour appears.*] Here, Sir, is our maſter. [*Perceiving him confuſed.*] He'll be glad to ſee you, you know.

SEYM.

SEYM. So! Humphrey!—What perſon have you got there?—A vagabond, perhaps?

HUMPH. Nay, Sir; he ſays he's a gentleman.

GREGORY. And that he's acquainted in the family, your honour!

HUMPH. We found him trying a key in the lock of your honour's larder.

SEYM. Trying keys?—Acquainted in my family?—Say—Who?—What are you?

QUICKS. Sir,—I'm a—a—a—gentleman.

SEYM. A gentleman?—Of what claſs, Sir?

QUICKS. Claſs, Sir? [*Aſide.*] I've a great mind to tell him at once.

SEYM. Are you a gentleman of fortune?—or of no fortune?

QUICKS. As to fortune, Sir——

SEYM. A merchant gentleman?—or a ſhopkeeping gentleman?

QUICKS. [*Familiarly.*] You have not yet hit it, Sir.

SEYM. No!—But had I a cane in my hand, I would hit it!—An impoſtor!—Say you were acquainted in my family?

HUMPH. I knew he was an impoſtor: or what would he have done ſo near your honour's larder?

QUICKS. [*Aſide.*] What done?—you knave!—[*Seeing Perkins and Hopeful approach.*] Allow me to explain, Sir.—I'm told your *mutton* is ſo very exquiſite!—Nay, be not angry, Sir: I mean no offence.—Aſk either of theſe gentlemen who I am.

PERK. [*Aſide.*] That fellow here?

HOPEF. [*Aſide.*] At the old game, I fear.—How imprudent!

SEYM. [*To Perkins.*] Say, Mr. Perkins,—what do you know of this——gentleman?

PERK. [*With ſcorn.*] Know *him?*—As to what I know of him——!

QUICKS. How?—What?—Does it come to this?—And is that all?—after ſuch obligations too!

SEYM. [*To Hopeful.*] *You* perhaps know more of him?

HOPEF. I muſt not deceive you, Sir. I believe him to be a very honeſt fellow:—but, except meeting him by accident once at a chop-houſe—

SEYM. Your friends, Sir, give a good account of you!

QUICKS. [*Earneſtly.*] What that gentleman ſays, is true. [*Points to Hopeful.*] He met me at a chop-houſe; and 'tis all *he* knows of me. But, Mr. Perkins, Sir——! I beg to be heard.

PERK. Never be trifled with, Sir, by an idle man like this!——A SPUNGER!—an *Impoſtor*!—a DINNER-HUNTER! [*Exit, dragging Hopeful by the arm.*

QUICKS. Mr. Perkins!——Explain!—[*To Seymour.*] Sir, oblige him to explain!—I'll explain.—You muſt know, Sir, that he *owes* his lady to——

SEYM. [*Not heeding him.*] Not a word more!—I've a great mind to ſet your gentility in the ſtocks. Leave my premiſes this inſtant!

QUICKS. I obey you, Sir. But, truſt me, Mr. Perkins ſhall anſwer for this!

SEYM. See him out, Humphrey. [*Exit.*

HUMPH. This way, Sir.—Keep clear of the *larder*.

QUICKS. [*Looking earneſtly at the larder.*] Well!—this is being thrown off an admirable ſcent! But, Perkins diſcredit me!—diſown me!—Well, damn me, if I diſown him the firſt time we meet!

[*Exit, cloſely held by Humphrey and Gregory.*

SCENE *changes to Janus's Study.*

JANUS, *ſeeing Mrs.* JANUS *approaching in a Paſſion.*

JAN. So! I'm in luck to-day!—No ſooner got rid of a provoking dæmon, in the ſhape of a creditor, than here comes my guardian angel!—Whew!—her paſſion choaks her!—What can be the matter now?

Mrs. JAN. Well—Mr. Janus! you have made a fine concluſion of it, at laſt! with your ſyſtem of philoſophy, and your Iriſh ſon-in-law!

JAN. Iriſh ſon-in-law?—Why!—What?

Mrs. JAN. What?—indeed!—what?—You a man of penetration?—You a philoſopher?—I'll anſwer for it, he has been a ſon-in-law in half the pariſhes of London! Already, two wives have been here to claim him within the half hour.

JAN,

JAN. [*Taking off his ſpectacles.*] Two wives! ſay you? Two?—Nay, then 'tis lucky that my daughter——

Mrs. JAN. Yes, yes.—You'll ſay 'tis lucky when you know all!—Very lucky!

JAN. Why, my dear Peggy, what has happened?

Mrs. JAN. What has——?

Miſs JANUS *enters.*

But, here ſhe is.—You have taught her finely!—She'll anſwer for herſelf. I always ſaid how it would be! I ſhall go diſtracted! Oh! why—? Why did I marry a fool? [*Exit in tears.*

JAN. A fool?—A philoſopher, ſhe means.—Well, Miſs?

Miſs JAN. [*Pertly.*] And well, Papa?—[*Seeing him get angry*] You ſurely don't mean to blame me?

JAN. Not blame you?—If——

Miſs JAN. Becauſe, you know, "Whatever *is*, is right," Papa.

JAN. Whatever is——! Am I, then, to underſtand, that——?

Miſs JAN. *Things are, as they are:* and *things will be, as they will be*, Papa.

JAN. [*Getting furious.*] I ſay, Mynx!—Am I to underſtand, that——?

Miſs JAN. Oh, don't get into a paſſion!—That's ſo very unphiloſophical!—The *ſtrongeſt motive will prevail*, you know?—What *muſt* be, *muſt* be!—Beſides, I'm ſure Mr. O'Bogtrot is a man of honour!—and that, when we *do* get married——

JAN. [*Riſing haſtily and taking his cane.*] When you *do* get——!

Miſs JAN. [*Retiring.*] Nay—Papa!—As you have a *motive* for beating me; I've another, you ſee, for getting out of the way! [*Going: returns.*] Mr. O'Bogtrot, I aſſure you, Papa, is a charming man! [*Runs off laughing.*

JAN. Humph!—And is this the way in which ſhe has made her fortune, at laſt? with that of the family?—The mynx! how dexterouſly ſhe turned the argument againſt me!—[*Mimicking her.*] "Things will be, as they will be!"—and, "What muſt be, muſt be, Papa!"—I have often been told, that my ſyſtem would never ſuit females. However;

However; I find consolation:—for, let the world say what it will, she clearly knows how to *argue the case.*

Miss JAN. [*Peeps, after listening.*] Indeed I do, Papa.—*You* taught me that. And, as to Mr. O'Bogtrot——Oh! Papa! were you to hear *him argue the case!* [*Runs off.*

JAN. Let me see! Let me see! Now do I stand in need of all my philosophy!——My girl ruined!—My own system turned against me! Let me see! This Mr. Hopeful——?—A good thought!—a very good thought!—I'll throw my daughter in his way——Young, unexperienced fellows of his cast take fire like a match! When Mr. Seymour comes to know, he'll surely give him a part of his fortune, at least. I'll throw my daughter in his way! allow him all opportunities!—and as soon as I see he gets dotingly fond of the girl——Oh! let me alone for conducting the intrigue!

QUICKSCENT *entering, and overhearing him.*

QUICKS. Conducting the intrigue?—Now would I give my hopes of a dinner, to know what this intrigue may be. [*To Janus.*] Sir! your most obsequious!

JAN. [*Eyeing him through his spectacles.*] Sir!—I hope you're not come to——If I mistake not, I've seen you before?

QUICKS. Oh yes, Sir!—Be assured that—my present object is not in the eating way! Only having witnessed my friend Hopeful's reception at Mr. Seymour's——

JAN. Ha!—You have witnessed that?—Then, say, Sir,—how has he been received?

QUICKS. Well!—I am happy, for my friend's sake, to say that he has met with a most flattering reception!—And, as I knew the account would give you pleasure—

JAN. You are a friend of Mr. Hopeful's, then?

QUICKS. A friend?—Intimate! most intimate!—He does nothing without consulting me.

JAN. Indeed! [*Aside.*] This is well!—I'll secure this fellow's interest by a good luncheon!—[*To him.*] Mr. Seymour, you say, has received him kindly? [*Quickscent bows assent.*] Well, Sir—as the friend of my friend, you are heartily welcome! [*Shakes him by the hand*] And as we both interest ourselves in his affairs, suppose we sit down cordially, and drink success to all his views?

QUICKS. With all my heart, Sir! with all my heart! I have his ſucceſs ſo much at heart, that I'll both drink and *eat* to it, with your good leave?

JAN. By all means!—I like your frankneſs. Bring the cold ham and turkey, Quaſheba! [*To the ſide ſcenes.*] And a bottle of the beſt!

QUICKS. [*Aſide.*] Cold ham! Turkey! and a bottle of the beſt!—How ſtrangely is this old fellow altered!

JAN. [*After the wine, &c. are ſerved up.*] Aye! aye! we'll regale! we'll be merry!—and—and—the friend my ſon-in-law, that is to be, ſhall be welcome!

QUICKS. Of your ſon-in-law! [*Drops his knife and fork, and ſays aſide.*] So! this is the intrigue?

JAN. Oh, Sir!—He loves her! dotes on her to diſtraction!—Come! you don't eat!—you don't drink!—I'll pledge you. [*Drinks.*] My wife is in a confounded paſſion!—But—no matter.—With a friend at my ſide, and a bottle before me! I defy care!—I defy all the world! [*Sings.*]

"Why the Devil ſhould we be ſad,
"While on earth we moulder?"——

You wonder, now, to ſee a philoſopher thus?——No doubt, you took me for——? But—but—you muſt learn to know me better! Come, Sir—Come, a ſentiment!—a ſentiment!

QUICKS. [*Before drinking.*] "Women as they *are*: and men as they *ſhould be!*"

JAN. Good! Very good!—"Men as they are: and women—" [*Drinks.*] *Apropos! apropos!* How does our friend ſtand with regard to the ſex?

QUICKS. [*Eating away.*] Oh!—all ſpirit!—all fire!—He's a perfect ſalamander!

JAN. Indeed? I thought as much. He'll ſuit my daughter to a hair.

QUICKS. Ovid's Art of Love; Piron's Odes, and Rocheſter's Poems, are the only books he ever looks into.

JAN. Nay, then marriage is the very thing for him. He'll make my daughter ſo happy! But—but I hope he's a philoſopher? He can *argue the caſe?*—eh?—He likes a diſpute?

QUICKS. [*Jeering him.*] Oh! if he gets married, diſputes will follow, as matters of courſe, you know.

JAN.

JAN. True!—true!—And, egad! my daughter won't fail there. I've taught her to argue. She'll be every way a match for him.

QUICKS. You mean to give her a good fortune?

JAN. I mean to give her Eve's fortune, Sir; and not a ſtiver more. But—but—between friends, let me tell you ——Mr. Hopeful will have no occaſion for a fortune with her!

QUICKS. No!

JAN. No. For a reaſon which he yet little dreams of. So that——Nay!—don't interrupt me, nor aſk me for explanations at preſent! So that, with the fortune that will be his, and with my daughter! ſo young! ſo ſprightly! and, above all, ſo modeſt!—You've ſeen her, Sir?

QUICKS. Never, Sir.

JAN. No? Then you ſhall ſee her now. [*To the ſide-ſcenes.*] Quaſheba! Send my daughter to me! Say, I've good news for her, about her lover! [*To him.*] Come, we'll drink the marriage, Sir. I'm ſure you'll admire her! And—and—you'll have no objection to a good *round ſum* when the ceremony is performed?

QUICKS. None, I aſſure you.

JAN. Well?—on *that*, and an *open table*—the *run of the houſe*, in ſhort, you may rely. So, mind and ſay all the *handſome things* you can of her to our friend—You underſtand? . . . . . We muſt egg him on!—We muſt not let him cool!

QHASHEBA *enters.*

Well, Quaſheba, is my daughter coming?

QUASH. *Going*, rather, I believe, Sir; or, as we ſay, *gone*. But here comes Miſtreſs——She'll explain.

Mrs. JANUS *entering.*

MRS. JAN. Well!—Now the misfortune is complete! [*Throws herſelf on a chair.*]

JAN. Misfortune!——What misfortune?—Sure my daughter has not——?

MRS. JAN. [*Riſing, and giving a note.*] There, Sir!—There! That will ſhew you what ſhe has done!—What a fool are you! and what a wretch am I! [*Exit.*

JAN.

JAN. [*Reading, after hurrying on his ſpectacles.*]

" My dear Papa!

" As you have threatened to beat me, which was very unphiloſophical,"—Hem! hem! hem! [*Muttering as he reads.*] I ſhall go mad!—I ſhall go diſtracted!—— [*Reads.*] Em! em!—" Mr. O'Bogtrot, I am perſuaded, will behave with honour:—and as 'Whatever *is*, is *right*,' and I am ſure that nothing I do can be *wrong*;"——See now! She has miſunderſtood the whole ſyſtem! [*Reads.*] " I have abundant *motives* for preferring my lover's company to a beating!—Yours moſt *dutifully!*" And there it ends!

QUICKS. Ends?—Why, Sir, we ſhall have *no* marriage at this rate?

JAN. None, Sir—None! The fellow has a dozen wives already! And, as I know him to be a deſperate man at piſtol-work, for my life I do not dare to purſue him!—Argue the caſe, Sir!—Conſider!—Reflect!—Say, what is to be done?

QUICKS. [*Taking his hat.*] Nay—What I'm to do, you know, is to ſay all the *handſome things* of your daughter I can, to our friend Hopeful!

JAN. As I live, the fellow's laughing at me! after eating all my turkey, and drinking my wine!

QUICKS. I'm to have a good *round ſum* at the *ceremony*, you know?—and the *run of the houſe?*

JAN. There again!—I ſhall go mad! Between the wife and the daughter! between the *woman-hunter* and the *dinner-hunter!* Oh! oh! 'tis too much! too bad!

QUICKS. Too bad? Why, the girl, herſelf, tells you, that *Whatever is, is right!*

JAN. [*Going.*] Aye—but ſhe has miſtaken the ſyſtem! Right? Can any thing be more *wrong* than thus to run away with a poor old philoſopher's daughter? [*Going*]—at the very moment, too, when ſhe was to have made her fortune! [*Exeunt.*

END *of the* THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *a ſmall Garden at the Back of Seymour's Houſe.*

PERKINS.

THIS charming Marquiſe! [*Walks about.*] But then —this curſed Major! Why does he, like a bulwark, ſtand in my way? Ah! there ſhe ſits in a remote arbour! depreſt; forlorn; lamenting the loſs of her ſixteen quarters of nobility! [*Pauſing.*] Should I be rejected? Rejected! eh? Have I not a woman to deal with?—a French woman too! Yet with ſuch cautious reſerve will I attempt her, that, ſhould a laſt bold effort be requiſite, it may be made without ſuſpicion. [*Going.*] For the preſent—

The force of ſeeming pity let me prove:
For "pity melts the ſoul to love!"

[*Exit.*

SEYMOUR *in his Study, walking about in great Agitation.*

SEYM. I muſt endeavour to get at the bottom of this. [*Looking at a note.*] "A young female whom he viſits with caution! Her name, Louiſa!" A ſerious attachment, perhaps?—Ah! rather, that kind of indiſcretion which has for ever deſtroyed my peace!

Servant entering.

SERV. Mr. Perkins, Sir, is from home.

SEYM. From home? Well, ſend him when he returns. [*Exit Servant.*

Louiſa! [*Looking at the note.*] A young heireſs of the name has lately been advertiſed; while Mr. Perkins was on a viſit to his friends in Scotland! What am I to think? I am loſt in conjecture! Heaven ſend he may explain matters to my ſatisfaction! [*Exit.*

SCENE,

SCENE, *Behind Whitehall.*

QUICKSCENT.

QUICKS. Well! this is a lucky day to me! [*Shews a letter of good size, and with a large seal.*] This does my business! How very lucky, to meet with a friend who has given me not only an incomparable luncheon—but this also! [*Shews his letter.*] Aye, aye!—Let me once get in under Government, and trust to my government for the rest! How will my friend Hopeful rejoice!—Let me see the Horse Guards Dial! [*Looks aside.*] Not yet the hour. Egad! I'll fill up the time by sending Hopeful an account of my good fortune!—Then deliver my note!—Then, get into office!—And then——do as others do, egad! [*Exit, kissing his letter.*

SCENE, *Before Janus's House.*

Major O'CONNEL *and* TOTTER.

Maj. O'CON. Well, Sir! As you're a poor creature, and have a knave to deal with, I'll e'en befriend you.—Be giving me the bit of paper.

TOTT. [*Giving a note.*] He has promised to pay it a thousand times! Take care he does not snatch it from you!

Maj. O'CON. [*Holding up his cane.*] Snatch! eh?—Do you see this bit of stuff?

TOTT. This is the house, Sir.

Maj. O'CON. [*Seeing a foreigner tawdrily dress come out of Janus's house.*] So! what have we here? A bit of foreign *noblesse*, I believe! [*As the foreigner comes out, the Major enters, followed by Totter.*]

SCENE *changes to Janus's Study.*

JANUS *opening a desk, and counting money.*

JAN. If my creditors were to know! Or, had he who is just gone, happened to see this!

Maj. O'CON. [*Loud, behind the scenes.*] So! he's not in this room, I see.

JAN. [*Alarmed.*] Eh?—What?—A tremendous voice!

What can this mean? Not come, I hope? [*Locks up his money haſtily; then takes a book and reads.*] "Honeſty is the foundation of ſound morality." [*Seems in a deep ſtudy.*]

Major O'Connel, *entering.*

Maj. O'Con. So! here I have him in his own dear ſtudy?

Jan. [*Aſide.*] Ah! the Major! What can this mean? [*To him.*] Major, I am proud of this viſit.

Maj. O'Con. Are you ſo? But, firſt, let me be looking after my companion.

Jan. Your companion, Major?—I hope, not come to——

Maj. O'Con. Nay, but a moment ago, he kept within my wake, as we ſay in the army: but—but—[*Looking towards the ſide-ſcenes.*] like the huge Spaniſh ſhips which had Jervis to deal with, he ſeems to have been ſomehow croſſed in his paſſage. So!—Mr. Totter!—Mr. Totter, [*Calling aloud.*] You ſhall ſee, Sir, he is not afraid to give you the meeting.

Totter *advancing.*

Tott. The meeting? So!—I was afraid the Major would be for a battle! However, he's older than myſelf. [*Advancing timidly.*]

Jan. Why, really, Mr. Totter!—I did not expect—— Nor can I ſay——

Maj. O'Con. [*Shewing the note.*] Say nothing. 'Tis the ſooneſt unſaid, you know. We ſoldiers like to make ſhort work. Look here! [*Holding the note to him.*] Nay! keep on the glaſſes! [*Janus pulls off his ſpectacles.*] Look here! and tell me how you like the hand-writing? [*Holding the note to him.*]

Jan. [*Retiring.*] Nay, Major! I proteſt!—This is ſo extraordinary!—I owe *you* nothing, Major! [*Falls backward over his electrical machine.*] Oh! What a ſhock!—what a ſhock!

Maj. O'Con. Never mind the ſhock. Riſe up,—and be paying the money! or—— [*Raiſing his cane.*]

Tott. That's right, Major!—Do *you* threaten him!

Jan. Surely, in theſe hard times, Mr. Totter does not expect that——[*Seeing the Major raiſe his cane.*] Theſe terrible

terrible Majors! there's no *arguing the case* with them!—[*To Totter, seeing the Major prepared to strike.*] There, Sir! There!—Are you now satisfied? [*Gives money.*]

Maj. O'Con. Be sure to count it after him, Mr. Totter.

Tott. [*Going, after counting the money.*] Ah, Sir! it is so wanted in my family!

Maj. O'Con. [*To Janus.*] And now—for the interest?

Jan. Interest? Why!—Major! I owe you nothing!

Maj. O'Con. [*Holding up his cane.*] Down with the interest! I say, for a poor countryman of mine, one Teddy O Leary!

Jan. Teddy O'Leary! Why, I don't know the man!

Maj. O'Con. No?—But I know him: and that you owe him the money!

Jan. But, how can that be, Major?

Maj. O'Con. It can be; and it shall be! since Mr. Totter gives it up. Friend Teddy is poor; and you are rich:—and I know of no debt so sacred as that which affluence owes to misery!

Jan. Well—but, dear Major!

Maj. O'Con. [*Raising his cane.*] Down with the interest, I say!—which I reckon for Teddy at twenty pieces!

Jan. [*Giving the money.*] Twenty pieces!—What terrible men these Majors are!—There is no *arguing the case* with them! [*Muses apart.*]

Tott. [*To the Major.*] Ah, Sir! how cleverly you got the twenty pieces for Teddy!

Maj. O'Con. For Teddy! eh?—Were you not saying they were wanted in your family? Take them and be gone! [*Exit Totter, bowing.*] Friend Teddy shall have twenty pieces of my own; with twenty more to bear them company. [*To Janus.*] Well, Mr. Philosopher!—are you now proud of a Major's visit? [*Exit.*

Jan. [*Looking disconsolate.*] Humph! This payment was so unexpected! above all, the twenty pieces for Teddy! What a terrible man this Major is!—Egad! he may be returning to claim more interest for some other poor relation! [*Takes up his money-chest, and is going.*]

Maj. O'Con. [*Behind the scenes.*] So! this house is like a labyrinth! all made for hide and seek!—and so littered! [*Meets Janus.*]

Jan.

JAN. So, Major!—My dear Major! what's the matter now?

Maj. O'CON. The matter?—Why, the turnings and windings of your houſe are worſe than thoſe of the Treaſury! So! you've ſecured the precious cheſt, I ſee, and ſeem to hug it with affection!

JAN. Nay! If you knew, Major, how hardly I am put to it; and how very little——!

Maj. O'CON. What?—You ſuppoſe I ſaw nothing through the lid, when 'twas half opened with ſuch caution to give Totter the money? [*Going.*] Be ſhewing me the way out of your houſe: and remember, that we Iriſhmen ſee as far into things as our wiſe neighbours: eſpecially where a *fortune* happens to be in view!

JAN. [*Pointing, and ſetting down the cheſt.*] That way, Major—that way. [*Exit Major O'Connel.*] What terrible men theſe Iriſh Majors are! [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes again to the Back of Whitehall.*

QUICKSCENT.

Heavens! how my lucky day has turned out after all! What a dupe have I been, to ſuffer ſuch a trick to be played upon me! Dammy!—how the great man ſtared, after a ſingle glance at the ſeal and ſignature! And how was my aſſumed importance caſt down, when, on his pronouncing me an impoſtor, clerks, porters and all gave a general hoot! Never ſhall I bear the ſight of the Horſe-Guards dial again! Well!—the knave who has deluded me, ſhall either atone by fighting for it, or give me frequent dinners!—There, at leaſt, I'll be even with him! [*Seeing Hopeful.*] So! Hopeful here?—Come, no doubt, to know how I have ſucceeded? How curſed ſilly, to ſend him a note of my imaginary triumphs, before—— [*To Hopeful, in a dejected tone of voice.*] Are *you* going to preſent a letter? [*Pointing to the Horſe-Guards.*]

HOPEF. [*Perceiving his diſappointment.*] No.—But yours, no doubt, has been preſented?—And——

QUICKS. Oh, name it not!—Great men, you know, cannot be ſeen at all times!—Nor are places—always—you know——

HOPEF. Well!—but your note informed me!—I'm come

come to give you joy!—Come, come!—Is it a ſnug thing?—Two or three hundred a year, I ſuppoſe, to begin with?

QUICKS. Two or three hundred a year, ſay you?—Alas!—I'll explain ſome other time. How come you on with Mr. Seymour?

HOPEF. Rather aſk, how I mean to go off?

QUICKS. How?—Diſcarded?

HOPEF. No:—equipped.

QUICKS. Equipped!—But ſay, for what?

HOPEF. Why—for leaving England immediately.

QUICKS. How! What?—And am I then to loſe you? And does Mr. Seymour inſiſt on——reduce you to this?

HOPEF. Nay—the plan was ſuggeſted by my friend Perkins.

QUICKS. Perkins!—Nay, dammy! then I ſuſpect——

HOPEF. Suſpect what?

QUICKS. Every thing!—in which that villain is concerned! Perkins your adviſer?

HOPEF. He is, Sir.—But why call my friend a villain?

QUICKS. Why call him a villain?—You ſaw in what manner he diſowned me near the larder?—Perkins your friend?—My friend?—Any man's friend?—An ungrateful wretch!

HOPEF. Nay—never go on at this rate, or you'll raiſe the neighbourhood!

QUICKS. I wiſh I could raiſe the Devil, Sir! or ſome other phantom to awe the ſcoundrel into remorſe!—Perkins a friend?—*He* your adviſer?—Be thus duped?—Thus gulled?—Thus!—Not ſee, that, dreading you as a rival in Mr. Seymour's favour——

HOPEF. It cannot be!—Could I once ſuppoſe that to be his motive!

QUICKS. Well, Sir! Well!—In time you'll be convinced. This is no fit place for explanations—But, you ſee to what ſtraits I am daily reduced!—And, when you come to know the obligations which that man owes me——!

HOPEF. Owe *you* obligations! and leave you thus?—Impoſſible!

QUICKS. Impoſſible?—Nay then, what ſay you to the amiable woman he poſſeſſes?

HOPEF

HOPEF. How!—Married?

QUICKS. To her, I ſay!—and with her, thouſands annually!—all which he owes——[*Seeing Hopeful's aſtoniſhment.*] But, I ſee my word is doubted!——Well, Sir, proceed!—proceed! Quit your country the moment you have ſet foot in it!—You're in good hands!—Go on, and you'll proſper!

HOPEF. Nay, Sir—if you can make it appear——?—Married to a lady of ample fortune?—Why—he ſaid he had a mere pittance from Mr. Seymour!—made that an excuſe for——

QUICKS. Aye, aye! he'll make any excuſe!—He tells you any thing: and the worſt of it is, you believe him!—But go on—go on—you're in good hands!

HOPEF. Nay!—pray!—explain!

QUICKS. I have ſaid, this is no place for explanations. You are preparing, you ſay, to quit England?

HOPEF. I am—But——

QUICKS. And Mr. Seymour equips you?

HOPEF. He does—But——

QUICKS. Then, curſe it! never mince matters:—but engage him to equip me at the ſame time.—But no!—'Tis Perkins's plan! [*Pauſing.*] You are bound to a quarter where *good Dinners* may be had?

HOPEF. Good dinners! Why, I ſhould ſuppoſe ſo.

QUICKS. Then, equipt or not equipt——But no!—'Tis Perkins's plan!—You're determined on the expedition? [*Going.*]

HOPEF. Why, yes—unleſs——

QUICKS. [*Returning eagerly.*] *Unleſs?*—— Enough ſaid!—Look into matters!—I'll explain at a proper time. He dreads you as a rival.—Look into matters—Take advice from a real friend—You gave me a chop, you know——Look into matters—My life for it, you'll find that, dreading you as a rival.——Look into matters, I ſay—And—and meet me at four, preciſely. [*Going.*] You know the walk by the Thames ſide?—The Archbiſhop's——?

HOPEF. Well.

QUICKS. Do ſo—Juſt over Weſtminſter bridge—oppoſite a certain chapel, where all the money is voted——You underſtand?

HOPEF. Not a ſyllable!

QUICKS.

QUICKS. Well, the Archbishop's walk: any one will guide you. Four o'clock, precisely. I've laid such a plan for a dinner, to-day! [*Going.*] The Archbishop's walk—four o'clock!—You'll not fail to meet me?—Whatever you do, beware of Perkins! [*Exit.*

HOPEF. What a strange unaccountable genius is this! Beware of Perkins? . . . . . Why, yes. Should I find he has deceived me!—Dreading me as a rival?—Why, I own, there may be something in that!—And, when I consider the coldness of his first note in answer to mine! —and his refusing to see me!——Well, I'll follow Quickscent's advice, and look into matters. For the present, I'll away to the water-side, and see what preparations are going on. [*Going.*] I feel a damp on my heart, I own, at the idea of so soon quitting my native land! But, if it must be so!——Oh! my poor mother! why cannot I see you once more ere I depart? [*Exit.*

SCENE, *an Apartment.*

PERKINS, *with a Letter.*

PERK. So! A challenge from so great a man as Mr. Quickscent!—For not taking his part at the larder, I suppose? An impertinent puppy! to expect that I——! Yet, hold!—He's in the secret of my apparent marriage with Louisa!—No matter!—No one will attend to what he may say. [*Looking at his watch.*] So! this is the hour for securing old Janus at the water-side. He too is in the secret of my affairs, and constantly pestering me for the money he expects. [*Going.*] Hopeful, no doubt, is ere this secure! [*Stops and pauses.*] As to Quickscent . . . . . Egad! there is nothing like making a complete clearance. He might, one way or other, obtain a hearing from Mr. Seymour——! Money must not be spared where so much is at stake! He shall e'en be shipped off with the other two. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *Louisa's Lodgings.*

LOUISA.

LOU. Not a word more, Clackit!—My mind is made up. This mystery—this concealment is dreadful to me!

CLACK. And you are determined to go to Mr. Seymour, Mem?

LOU. I am. The whole of Mr. Perkins's conduct——

CLACK. Nay, Mem! I am apt to think he'll make a charming husband, after all: for, I assure you, he begins to be very generous!

LOU. Generous? Are these apartments a proof of his generosity?—In an obscure part of the town? and, as I've cause to believe, a disreputable neighbourhood?—No. Mr. Seymour may reject—may spurn me from him: but, at all events, he shall know what I am. Nay—not a word in reply: but, prepare every thing, as I ordered you.

CLACK. Yes, Mem. Yet—might I advise . . . . . ?

LOU. Advise?—How!—do you presume to——?

CLACK. So! What a pretty rumpus we are going to make of it! [*Exit.*

LOU. Suppose I prepare my way by a letter? No:—my heart dies within me. Yet—I'll go, and say thus much, at least, say *who* and *what* I am. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *Solitary Fields, near the Water side. Hopeful and Quickscent. Quickscent without his Hat, and with his Neckcloth torn. Each has a Cutlass in his Hand.*

HOPEF. [*Out of breath.*] How fortunate, that you came up at the moment! I had else been overpowered!

QUICKS. Why, yes. Three against one—Jack Tars, too, are odds, you know?

HOPEF. But, how came you to follow me?

QUICKS. As I always mean to follow you—to keep you from mischief.

HOPEF. You suspected, then?

QUICKS. Suspected?—Had you not told me the plan you were on was Perkins's plan?

HOPEF. [*After a pause.*] By Heavens, 'tis too base!—He shall answer me.

QUICKS. Be it so. But my wrongs are prior to yours: and, by Heavens! as you say, he shall first answer me! [*Flourishes his cutlass.*] I've proved this to be a good bit of steel.

HOPEF.

HOPEF. True: But—but—how came you by it?—This, you saw me wrest from one of my assailants.

QUICKS. How came I by it?—Desperately, as I sometimes come by a dinner. Convinced—sure of your danger——

HOPEF. You made free, I suppose?

QUICKS. With a broker's stall: leaving word, as I ran for it, that it should be paid for, or returned. And so it shall:—when I've once more used it.

HOPEF. [*Aside*] Like the blade itself:—made of excellent stuff! [*To him.*] You mean to go in quest of——

QUICKS. Perkins! by all means; and without delay. You heard the fellows declare it was he who——

HOPEF. Base man! to adopt such means!

QUICKS. Do you go boldly to Mr. Seymour, and tell him how things have been: while I——

HOPEF. Hold, my friend!—Nothing gives such courage as money in the fob. I have but little:—but, while I have a little, you are to share it. [*Gives money.*]

QUICKS. I don't refuse it. 'Tis friendly: and what's friendly is well. Never fear, my friend! [*Shakes him by the hand.*] Off to Mr. Seymour, and undeceive him: while I go and have the *first cut*—[*Flourishing his cutlass*] at Perkins! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a Lane, near the Water-side. An abandoned Sawpit in View.*

JANUS, *wrapped in a Cloak.*

JAN. Humph!—This is a very solitary lane. [*Looks round with caution.*] And, why Mr. Perkins should appoint such a place for our interview, I know not.—At all events, I'll bring him to the point;—and, either make him come down largely at once; or produce Hopeful's credentials to Mr. Seymour; and thus secure my reward in that quarter. [*Looks round.*] But—hush!—Ha!—I hear voices! I suspect something wrong here!—[*Listens.*] I'm sure I hear Mr. Perkins's voice!—So! [*Looks hard through his spectacles.*] Yonder he is!—With two men—of very desperate appearance. [*Taking a brace of horse-pistols out of his bosom.*] 'Tis well I brought these good companions with me. Let me see! If I attempt to retire, I shall be dis-

covered. I'll e'en hide myſelf in this old ſawpit. [*Gets into the pit.*] How lucky, that I brought my piſtols!

PERK. [*Advancing.*] I wonder the old knave is not punctual!—He ſurely does not ſuſpect——?

JAN. [*Aſide.*] No?—But he does ſuſpect, though!—[*Prepares his piſtols.*]

PERK. [*To his followers.*] You'll know him by his cloak. Firſt gag, and then off with him to the veſſel!

JAN. [*Aſide, and peeping.*] Firſt gag!—eh?

PERK. This way he is ſure to paſs. Take your ſtation in that ſaw-pit: and when I give the ſignal——[*Advances towards the ſaw-pit.*]

JAN. [*Aſide.*] Aye, and when *I* give the ſignal!—Now, for it!—[*Janus fires a piſtol, holaing aloud from the pit, at the ſame time. Perkins falls flat, and his aſſociates retire.*]

PERK. [*On the ground.*] Oh! I'm ſhot!—I'm ſure I muſt be ſhot!—Oh!

JAN. [*Getting out of the ſaw-pit.*] And I fear I have miſſed you, after all! [*Aſide.*] The knaves will, no doubt, return! They are to know me by my cloak. Come, then—[*He muffles up Perkins in the cloak, and retires.*]

PERK. I'm ſure I muſt be ſhot! [*Half-raiſing himſelf.*] And yet—as I feel no pain—ha! [*Hearing his own aſſociates returning, and ſuppoſing them enemies, he, in his fear, gets ſo entangled in the cloak as not to be able to extricate himſelf. They miſtake him for Janus, and ruſh upon him.*]

1*ſt* RUFFIAN. Here the old fellow is!—Now for it!—Where's the gag?

2*d* RUFF. Here!—here!—Down with him! [*Struggling hard with him.*] I wonder where Mr. Perkins can be?

PERK. [*Half diſengaging himſelf.*] Why, here he is, and be d——d to you!—Here he is!

1*ſt* RUFF. [*Suffering him to riſe*] Why, how?—In this cloak!

2*d* RUFF. Aye, you ſaid we were to know him by the cloak.

PERK. [*Greatly chagrined, and writhing with pain.*] I ſaid?—indeed!—Where's the old rogue?—Is he gagg'd?

2*d* RUFF. Nay, Sir. As to him——

PERK. What?—ſuffered him to eſcape?—Well! two ſuch cowards! [*Going.*]

1*ſt* RUFF.

1st RUFF. Damn me, Sir! it was your own cowardice! Give us the reward you promised—or——[*In a threatening posture. As they dispute the point in dumb show, Janus fires his second pistol, when all three run off: Perkins exclaiming*—Murder!—Mercy!—The old villain!]

JAN. [*Coming forward.*] How lucky that I brought my pistols! Yet how unlucky that I twice missed him!—He certainly intended to murder me! So, *this* was the reward I've been so long expecting? Well, Mr. Seymour shall know all things. When, in comes Mr. Hopeful! and out goes——! Ha! there I shall be even with him! and get such a reward from Mr. Seymour——! Oh! the double pleasure of revenge, and of interest! [*After several horrid smiles and grimaces.*] But, I am to blame—The ruffians may return.—I'll not sleep ere Mr. Seymour is apprised of all things. [*Exit, making faces.*

SCENE, *Perkins returning from his Fellows in great Agitation.*

PERK. The villains! to make me pay fifty pounds, though the purpose for which I hired them has wholly failed!——Hopeful, too, I understand, has escaped!—Should he return, and gain another interview with Mr. Seymour——?—Ah! I must prevent that!—or——As to old Janus—he may yet be reconciled. A little arguing of the case, and a sum of money, settles him.—But—Quickscent?—Pshaw! a poor dog! not worth the tax! My great difficulty [*Going slowly*] will be—— At all events, I must not lose a moment in preparing Mr. Seymour to—to——Let me see! [*Strikes his head.*] I have it! Hopeful never approaches him more! [*Exit.*

SCENE, *the Thames Side, by the Archbishop of Canterbury's Palace.*

HOPEFUL, *musing and surveying the River.*

HOPEF. "Search not his bottom, but survey his shores!" [*After a pause.*] Pity, that the transport excited by the view of such a river should be damped by the recollection of others—

"Whose streams, alas! run purple to the main!"

Pity,

Pity, too, that I ſhould ſo ſoon have to relinquiſh the ſcene! and, perhaps, for ever!—So, yonder's the Chapel! I wonder what debate is going forward, now?—I wonder, too, my friend Quickſcent is not punctual! [*Looks at his watch.*] 'Tis paſt the hour: and as he clearly has a dinner in view——

Enter QUICKSCENT, *dreſt in a clerical Gown and Wig: elbowing* HOPEFUL.

QUICKS. [*With a naſal twang.*] Stand off, fellow—I ſee thou'rt an Infidel!

HOPEF. [*Offended.*] That addreſt to me, Sir!

QUICKS. [*Elbowing him again.*] Aye, aye!—I ſee thou art Antichriſt!

HOPEF. An impertinent prig! Say that again, and I'll throw your reverence into the river!

QUICKS. [*In his natural voice.*] The deuce you will? —Ha, ha, ha!—Then you'll ſpoil the very beſt hunt I ever yet ventured on!

HOPEF. What, the Devil!

QUICKS. The Devil?—The Parſon, you mean?

HOPEF. Nay, nay!—You're not in orders!

QUICKS. No. But I put on the black diſguiſe, *in order to*——[*Making ſigns of carving and eating.*]

HOPEF. [*Laying hold of his arm.*] Come, come! You have money in your pocket, conſider!

QUICKS. And do *you* conſider! [*Points to the palace.*]—Such a dinner!——I hope frequently to *hunt* on this excellent *manor!*

HOPEF. Hunt? Nay, 'tis downright poaching! Well, ſtarve, or not ſtarve, hang me if I could do as much!

QUICKS. No: you're too baſhful for a parſon! even in diſguiſe! You've explained matters to Mr. Seymour?

HOPEF. No. He was from home.

QUICKS. So was Perkins. But, I ſhall find a time—! Ha! I ſnuff the ragouts even through theſe ſolid walls!—In I go! and may luck enter with me! [*Enters the palace.*]

HOPEF. What a genius is this!—Thus to venture!—I ſha'n't wonder if——At all events, I'll ſee him through it! [*After contemplating the river.*]

"Search not his bottom, but——" [*Liſtening.*]

Ha!

Ha! I'm ſure I hear a ſcuffle within! [*Quickſcent is ſeen running from the palace, with a roaſt turkey in his right hand.*]

HOPEF. So, there goes my dinner-hunting knight!—and, for once, he ſhall have me for his 'ſquire!

[*Exit after Quickſcent.*

[*A cry is heard from within of*—"Stop him! Stop the impoſtor! Stop the parſon!"]

SCENE *changes to the Fields behind Lambeth Cottage.*

QUICKSCENT *and* HOPEFUL *meeting, and out of Breath.*

QUICKS. Egad! I'm ſo out of breath!

HOPEF. And egad! ſo am I!

QUICKS. What, had you to run for it too?

HOPEF. Aye; and to fight for it. The cry through Lambeth, was "Stop the parſon!"—and, as I had picked up your gown and wig——! Why will you be getting into ſuch ſcrapes?

QUICKS. Nay! a dinner-hunter muſt reckon on many ſcrapes beſides the ſcraping of trenchers. However, theſe things only tend to ſharpen the appetite! You'll own that, with that noble weapon, called a turkey, in hand, I fought my way manfully through the palace!

HOPEF. True!

QUICKS. Sampſon's jaw-bone was a fool to it!

HOPEF. But how came you to be detected ſo ſoon?

QUICKS. You ſhall hear. A noble firſt courſe was ſerved up as I entered.—Down I ſat.—Being aſked, ſignificantly, my name! I inſtantly chriſtened myſelf the Rev. Dr. *Hunter*.

HOPEF. Not far from the mark!

QUICKS. And, for a rectorſhip, named Feverſham, in Kent—when—as the Devil would have it——!

HOPEF. *In came* the real rector, I ſuppoſe?

QUICKS. *Upſtarted* the real rector, you mean!—His noſe fronting mine; and fluſhed with ſuch rubicundity! ——as—as—I never before beheld—even in a rector! "Feverſham in Kent?" cried he, ſputtering ragout all over the table!

HOPEF. You gave way at once?

QUICKS.

QUICKS. Nay, hear. The cry of "A wolf in sheep's clothing!" resounded from every plate. Taking a hint from the wolf, I made a snatch at a quarter of lamb that was near: but missing that, I seized on a noble turkey by the leg: and having levelled a dean that envied me the bird, with a full swing right and left, I made all shrink, and give way before me!——But, you said you had picked up my gown and wig?

HOPEF. True. But, uncertain how fast, or how far, we might be pursued, I deposited them snugly amidst yon bushes. [*Pointing.*]

QUICKS. Why, that's exactly the spot where I hid the turkey!

HOPEF. Indeed!—Quit such a hold?—Zounds! I see a man there! He looks for all the world like an emigrant priest!—He'll smell out the turkey in half a second!

QUICKS. Away, then, away!—Another tight race for it!—and then share and share alike!—eh, boy? [*They run off.*

SCENE, *Seymour's House.*

SEYMOUR *and* PERKINS, *in Boots and travelling Dresses.*

PERK. [*Aside.*] It works as I could wish!—My point is gained!

SEYM. Try to impose on me, you say, in so gross a manner? Come hither with an idle tale of having been plundered at mid-day! with a view of obtaining from me a second equipment?

PERK. Indeed, Sir, I am shocked!—shocked beyond measure! For, when avarice thus paves the way for ingratitude!—and when benevolence such as yours is thus abused!—Ah! why did I countenance him? [*Kneels.*]—Sir, I must crave your pardon.

SEYM. [*Raising him up.*] Nay, Sir! Nay!—*You* were not to blame. We cannot read the heart!

PERK. [*With much hypocrisy.*] True, Sir! True!—We cannot read the heart! [*Laying his hand on his breast.*]

SEYM. [*Sitting down to write.*] A base young man!—[*Writes.*] Attempt thus to impose on me!

PERK. As a school-fellow, I feel for him!—But—but he deserves no better!

SEYM.

SEYM. [*Delivering the note to Perkins.*] As we are ſetting off for the country, let this be left for him when he calls. It will teach him what he has to expect. [*Reclining on his deſk.*]

PERK. It will, Sir!—[*Aſide.*] Thus do I get rid of preſumptuous rivals!—

LOUISA *enters.*

Ha! What do I ſee? [*To her.*] Madam! What am I to underſtand?

LOU. [*With firmneſs.*] That I have buſineſs with Mr. Seymour, Sir!—and that I will be heard!

PERK. [*Retiring.*] Preſumptuous woman!—That ſhe ſhould dare——! [*Exit, in great confuſion.*

LOU. [*Kneeling to Seymour, as he turns to her with ſurpriſe.*] Pardon me, Sir—that a ſtranger—an unhappy ſtranger! I thus preſume to intrude!

SEYM. [*After viewing her with attention.*] Madam!—if unfortunate?—and *only* unfortunate——?

LOU. Only unfortunate? Ah! when I ſhall have ſaid what I am!——[*Unable to proceed.*]

SEYM. [*Aſide.*] Her manner intereſts me! It reminds me of that of my poor Amelia! Doubtleſs the unhappy girl of whom mention was made in the note I received! Yet, what can ſhe have to urge?—I ordered Mr. Perkins to make a ſettlement on her. [*To her.*] Say, Madam, with confidence, what you are. [*Raiſing her up.*]

LOU. With confidence? What, when I ſay—I am—the wife of——Mr. Perkins?

SEYM. His *wife!* did you ſay? Has he then?—unknown to me!—contrary to what——!

LOU. I have ſaid what I am, Sir,—and I retire. [*Offers to go.*]

SEYM. Stay, Madam. Explain!—I muſt inſiſt!—His *wife*, ſaid you?

LOU. Alas! Sir, I knew I could not be forgiven!—It was not with that hope I came.

SEYM. No! With what hope, then? [*Aſide.*] That of a farther ſettlement, perhaps?

LOU. Secluded from the world—in a manner which muſt create ſuſpicion! even from the day of our nuptials! In vain have I urged Mr. Perkins to make known to you

——Ah! why did I leave my fond, my indulgent parents? Pardon me, Sir—my heart dies within me! [*Turns aſide, in anguiſh.*]

SEYM. [*Aſide.*] How like in manner—nay, in perſon, my poor Amelia! [*To her.*] Allow me to ſupport you, Madam. [*Aſide.*] Every word—every appearance indicates virtue! What am I to conclude? It cannot be ſhe on whom the ſettlement——? [*To her.*] Permit me, Madam, to conduct you to an apartment where, without fear of interruption, you may diſcloſe the whole of your predicament. [*Going.*] Lean on my arm; and repoſe confidence on one who—who—alas! poor Amelia!—who has reaſon to allow for the frailties of your ſex!

LOU. Frailty, Sir? Be aſſured, Sir, that when I ſay I am the wife of Mr. Perkins———alas! [*Preſſes on his arm.*]

SEYM. [*With emotion.*] Repoſe confidence in me—whatever may *have been* your error—or *is* your misfortune. [*Leads her out. Returning, after a few moments.*] How ſtrongly does her manner remind me of my poor Amelia! [*To Humphrey, who enters.*] Let Mr. Perkins attend me, without delay. [*Exit Humphrey.*] If I find him falſe——! But, on that head, let me hear this intereſting female. [*Going.*] She gives me her confidence:—ſhe flies to me for protection:—and ill betide the man who can betray confidence; or refuſe protection to a woman in diſtreſs!

[*Exit, to Louiſa.*

PERKINS *comes forward cautiouſly, after liſtening.*

PERK. Now have I a difficult—muſt I not call it?—a deſperate game to play! 'Tis plain ſhe has told—or is on the point of diſcloſing every thing! Here goes, then, to prevent——Ah! my heart fails. Seymour will never believe—never liſten——Yet, if I ſhrink, I'm undone! The worſt of it is, I've no time to deliberate [*Going.*] Let deſpair—let cunning come to my aid. Something I muſt deviſe: ſome plauſible tale invent, to reconcile Louiſa. Ah! at this moment, perhaps——? Why do I heſitate? Why loiter? The confidence, the ſupport of Seymour once loſt, even hope itſelf will be no longer mine. [*Exit.*

SCENE,

SCENE, *Quickſcent's Lodging, wretchedly furniſhed.*

QUICKSCENT, *with the remains of the turkey before him.*

QUICKS. Here do I ſit, happier than monarchs! Thus repleniſhed with better than celeſtial food! what is there for which I do not ſtand prepared? But I wonder at my friend's delay! He who joined in the purſuit ſhould partake of the ſpoil! [*To Hopeful, who enters, and looks diſconſolate.*] Well, my friend! you've had your interview? explained matters to Mr. Seymour? convinced him what a villain that Perkins——?

HOPEF. [*Giving Seymour's note.*] All your triumphs are premature! Read this!—Read this! and ſee if your friend be not completely a wretch!

QUICKS. A wretch?—What! can Mr. Seymour——? You explained matters, I hope?

HOPEF. Read the note, Sir—read the note. There you'll ſee how matters are explained!

QUICKS. [*Looking at the note.*] So! What the Devil does this mean? [*Reads.*] "Your baſeneſs, your impudence!" Mr. Seymour, Sir, never wrote this note!—He's a gentleman! He never would uſe ſuch harſh terms.

HOPEF. Nay, nay! 'tis his hand! His own man Humphrey gave me the note.

QUICKS. [*Reads.*] "Your baſeneſs in attempting to deceive me!—to impoſe on my generoſity for a ſecond equipment, under the ſhallow pretence of having been robbed!" [*Throws down the note, and tramples on it.*]

HOPEF. Impoſe on him by applying for a ſecond equipment! When? or how? in the name of wonder! [*To him.*] You have cauſe to be aſtoniſhed at ſuch imputations!

QUICKS. Aſtoniſhed?—Not in the leaſt.

HOPEF. What, not when you read that——?

QUICKS. When I read, truly!—— Perkins! Perkins! He has been once more at work. Zounds! I'm out of patience. Why not inſiſt on ſeeing Mr. Seymour?—on being admitted?—on being heard?

HOPEF. Nay. "On no account preſume to appear before me again." Such are the words which conclude

the note! After reading them, could I——?—ought I to have——?

QUICKS. Could you?—ought you? To be ſure you could!—To be ſure you ought! Three words boldly ſpoken to Mr. Seymour would have—— But this it is to attempt things with an empty ſtomach. Like me, had you been repleniſhed with imperial turkey——! But, come, 'tis no matter—more courage another time, and all will be explained: all right! [*Pointing to the turkey.*]—Why does not my friend fall too? I've ſet him a tolerable example!

HOPEF. Nay, not a morſel can I eat.

QUICKS. [*Looking earneſtly at him.*] No? Well, that *is* extraordinary! Say, in what ſtate did you find the Seymour family?

HOPEF. Every thing packed up; with the coach at the door, ready to convey all parties into the country.

QUICKS. Into the country? Yes: that is, to the ſide of Norwood! Your cits, retired from buſineſs, like to keep within *ſight* of the ſmoke, at leaſt. Well, 'tis but a few miles: we'll ſoon be after them.

HOPEF. You mean to venture, then?

QUICKS. Venture? Why, do you ſuppoſe that villain Perkins ſhall triumph thus? Where's my cutlaſs? I'll juſt go and take a laſt peep at the precious larder!—It may not be left quite empty, you know?—Nay, no objection! I'm determined on a laſt peep! [*Going.*] Do you, in the mean time—— [*Pointing to the turkey.*] Conſider what we have to do with Seymour and Perkins. Where a friend is to be gained, and an enemy attacked, there is nothing like laying in good ſtore here.

[*Claps his hand on his belly, and Exit.*

HOPEF. What a genius! All the world, now, could not keep him from this laſt peep at the larder!—Apply for a ſecond equipment? Say, I had been robbed? Who but this baſe man can have invented ſuch a tale?—Juſt Heavens! that ſuch baſeneſs ſhould be in human nature! My ſchoolfellow?—my boſom friend, as I thought him, try to ruin me thus? [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE, *Room at a Tavern.*

PERKINS.

Well! though not yet an abſolute winner, I've played my cards with admirable dexterity! With what a ſcrew of the mouth did Seymour refer me for final explanations till we get into the country. [*Mimicking him.*] "Well, Sir, as the lady ſeems reconciled—Yet, I ſhall expect to have things farther explained, for my ſatisfaction." Imperious man!—He forgets his own pranks in younger days:—and the baſtard who, had he lived, was to have *ſhared* things with me!——As for Louiſa—for the preſent, I muſt diſſemble:—but ſhe ſhall rue it, hereafter!—For the preſent ſhe's reconciled:—one fond word did the buſineſs.—— [*Going.*] This is the way to make ſure of the ſex:—*Authority*, as the ſtanding order of the day! and *kindneſs*, in reſerve, for extra emergencies! [*As he goes off.*] Kindneſs thus introduced, like a new face at court, tells for the moment:—and, though a counterfeit, is ſmiled on like ſterling after reams of paper currency: carrying hopes, fears, reſentments, and all the female world before it!

[*Exit triumphantly.*

SCENE, *the Back of Whitehall.*

QUICKSCENT *and* HOPEFUL.

QUICKS. Come along, my friend! Come along!—Now for Norwood!—on the wings of hope and expectation!

HOPEF. But ſay—Who is this YOUTH you met inquiring for Mr. Seymour? And what the *mighty diſcovery* you have made?

QUICKS. Nay. I'll explain matters as we poſt along to the country. Come along!—Never more blame me for reconnoitring larders.

HOPEF. I won't—But, ſay——

QUICKS. To Norwood! I ſay—to Norwood! I can think of nothing but Norwood, and that villain Perkins!

[*Going.*

HOPEF. But, you have cauſe to hope?

QUICKS.

QUICKS. Hope?—aye! Do I ever despair? With such a hope before me as that of getting at Mr. Seymour's exquisite mutton, dammy! if I despair of any thing!—The young buck I saw at the larder has a secret, which ——To Norwood! I say—To Norwood!

[*Exit, dragging Hopeful by the hand.*

END *of the* FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE *before Seymour's Country House. The Front View commanding London, &c. the Back View, Epsom Downs.*

JANUS, *peeping on all Sides, with Caution, and making his usual Faces.*

IN a short time the family will be here: while I come before hand, as its good genius, with a discovery for Mr. Seymour that will do his heart good. [*Pauses, and peeps into several of the windows.*] As for that knave Perkins, he deserves no mercy, after his attempt to murder me in the saw-pit. No doubt Mr. Seymour will give me an ample reward! Sure of my means, I'll assume the air and majesty of Olympian Jupiter! and [*holding Hopeful's credentials in his right hand*] armed with this thunderbolt, dash Mr. Perkins's hopes to the ground for ever! [*Peeping into the house.*] Ha! as I live! the tight little wench whom I've so long wished to *argue the case* with! She's alone in the house, I believe. I shall never have so good an opportunity!—Now for my most *alluring face!*

[*He enters the house.*

SCENE,

SCENE, *in the House.*

SUSAN, *leaning pensively on her Brush.*

SUS. Heigho!

PEGGY *entering to her.*

PEG. My stars! girl, we shall never get through at this rate! There do you stand like the idle statue at the founain!—Brush away, girl!—brush away!—while I get on with the parlour next the study.

[*Exit. Janus is seen following her.*

SUS. Brush away, indeed?—Aye, 'tis fine talking!—Well, I hope Mr. Perkins will behave like a gentleman, after all! If not, Mr. Seymour shall know—aye, and somebody else, too!—For, I hear he is married to a fine young lady.—Married?—Heigho! [*Sings.*]

"Oh the fool! the silly, silly fool!
"Who trusts what man may be!"

But I must stir!—The family will be coming. Here goes, to do the best I can—in my situation! [*Sweeping and singing.*]

"Oh the fool!" &c. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *a Parlour.*

PEGGY *and* JANUS.

PEG. And who, Sir, may this lover be, that you propose to me?

JAN. [*Surprised.*] Who?

PEG. Yes, who?—Is he young and handsome?

JAN. Young? and handsome? [*Aside, and making faces.*] Why, can't she see?

PEG. And then—is he rich?—and generous?

JAN. [*Smiling horribly.*] Hear me.—Suppose—the lover——? Can't you suppose? [*She shakes her head.*] Suppose me the man!

PEG. [*Affecting surprise.*] You! Mr. Janus?—You?

JAN. Yes, I! I!—Come, come!—You see I can be generous. [*Gives her a crown, which she pockets.*]

PEG. How, Sir!—Think me so mean as to take silver?

JAN.

JAN. [*Aſide.*] You did take it, though!—Well, there's gold for my charmer! [*Gives half-a-guinea, which ſhe pockets as before; then holds her hand for more.*]

PEG. That was only half a piece, Sir.—Lovers ſhould never do things by halves. [*Seeing him heſitate.*] So, Sir! I ſee you are no longer in the generous humour. Adieu! Mr. Philoſopher!—till—till we meet again.

[*Exit; he trying to prevent her.*

JAN. I'll not be a dupe, and pay—fifteen ſhillings and ſixpence for nothing!—No, no!—I marked her eye! She loves me! and I ſhall never have ſo fair an opportunity!

[*Exit after her.*

SCENE, *a private Alley, near Seymour's Houſe.*

PERKINS, *holding a Maſk and Domino.*

PERK. So, juſt as I expected!—Mr. Seymour, the Marquis and Major have not quitted their horſes; but are viewing the plantations that are, and the precious farm that is to be. How kind thus to leave the coaſt open for me! [*Puts on the domino.*] 'Tis a bold ſtroke, I own, to attempt her thus early! But that circumſtance clears me from all ſuſpicion. In this diſguiſe, I may venture any thing. [*Puts on the maſk.*] Hints, I find, are loſt on this titled prude. The evening ſets in. Louiſa is diſpoſed of in a diſtant apartment. My fellows know their cue:—[*Going.*] and, if Cupid will but favour me as well as the occaſion, Madame la Marquiſe ſhall ſoon find ſhe has not come into the country for nothing. I love her!—I dote on her! and "*coute qui coute!*" as ſhe ſays, if perſuaſion fails, force ſhall make her mine! [*Exit.*

SCENE, *in the Houſe.*

PEGGY *and* JANUS.

JAN. So mercenary! There! There!—One pound! Bank, you ſee! [*Offers a note.*]

PEG. No, Sir! I never take paper!—[*Recollecting herſelf, tries to ſnatch it from him.*]

JAN. There! then: There! There! A guinea! a whole guinea! Now are you ſatisfied of my generoſity?

PEG.

PEG. [*Looking at, then pocketing it.*] Nay, Sir—you know it may be a counterfeit? [*Keeps him off.*]

JAN. [*In a passion.*] Zounds! I shall think you a counterfeit! if thus——

PEG. [*Listening.*] Hush, Sir! hush!—I hear voices!

JAN. [*Alarmed.*] Where?—What voices?—The family, perhaps?—Give me back my money! and——

PEG. Your money?—We're undone!—Master's voice!—Hide yourself—quick!

JAN. Nay, give me back my money!—and I'll——

PEG. Quick! I say—The Major and all will be here!

JAN. The Major?—Nay, then—Where?—Where? [*Runs about.*]

PEG. Not in the cupboard! they'll look there.—Here, under the settee!

JAN. [*Getting under the settee.*] I wish I had my money, and were out of the house! However, I can lie snug here.

PEG. Hush, hush!—not a word!

JAN. [*Peeping.*] You'll remember?—You've so much in hand! [*Hides himself.*]

PEG. Yes! I've you in hand! and am only sorry I have not more of your money. [*Aloud.*] What can have brought them home so soon?—Some accident must have happened! [*Retires to the side-scenes.*

Enter SEYMOUR *and the* MARQUIS, *in Boots and Spurs.*

SEYM. Well, Monsieur le Marquis, I am happy to see you are not hurt by the fall.

MARQ. By gar, Sir! I will ride without spurs, in future.

SEYM. Our English nags, you see, like our fellows, are spirited; and apt to kick.

MARQ. Yes, Sir. Especially when foreigners attempt to ride them.

SEYM. Nay—You don't suppose that Bangtail was sensible he had a Frenchman on his back?

MARQ. Morbleu!—He kicked and reared as if he had felt his rider not merely to be a Frenchman, but an *emigré!*—I thought the very *Diable* was in him!

SEYM. Yet, how quiet he stood the moment you sprawled beneath him!

MARQ. Your horſes, like your men, Sir, ſcorn to trample on a man who is down.

SEYM. Well—Firm in the ſtirrup, the next time.—Come, we'll refreſh with Sandwich and glaſs after our ride. The Major will ſoon join us over the bottle.

[*Exeunt.*

JAN. [*From under the ſettee.*] All's quiet.—They're gone.—I'd better eſcape while I've time.

PEG. [*Coming forward*] Lie cloſe! for your life, lie cloſe!

JAN. So! My charmer here ſtill!—You'll remember the money?—I'm in ſuch a perſpiration!

PEG. [*Retiring.*] Huſh! more voices!

PERKINS *and his Aſſociates, maſked, hurry the* MARQUISE *croſs the Stage.*

MARQUISE. [*Struggling.*] Ah! *Mon Dieu!—Quels barbares!—Aſſiſtance!—Aſſiſtance!* [*Pronounced as French.*]

Major O'CONNEL *entering.*

Maj. O'CON. So!—By the land of plenty! what have we going forward the backward way, here?—Villains!—leave your hold!—or——

PERK. [*Sneaking off.*] Zounds! how's this?—I thought all had been out of the way! [*He eſcapes with his aſſociates.*]

Maj. O'CON. [*Catching the Marquiſe in his arms.*] I'll place the dear creature in ſafety! and then, have at you, my boys! [*Ruſhes onwards with the Marquiſe in his arms.*]

MARQUIS *entering, and ſeeing the Major.*

MARQ. Morbleu!—What?—How?—*Comment!*—Madame la Marquiſe!—Monſieur le Major!——

Maj. O'CON. [*Not hearing him.*] Don't be alarmed, Madame!—You're in good hands—I'll protect you.

MARQ. Comment!—Protect!—Madame! Monſieur le Major! I ſay. [*Seizing the Major's arm.*]

Maj. O'CON. [*Setting down the Marquiſe.*] So! theſe huſbands always reſcue their wives when the danger's all over!—Why not come ſooner, Monſieur?

MARQ. Sooner? I have come at a very critical moment!

Maj. O'CON.

Maj. O'Con. Aye. Your ſweet lady's ſafe and ſound, you ſee. And I am glad your neck was not broken.

Marq. My neck, Major! My neck not broken?—That is very well! But I am not glad that Madame la Marquiſe——

Maj. O'Con. Not glad! eh?—What unreaſonable beings theſe huſbands are! Not glad to ſee the little woman ſafe?

Marq. Safe!—Yes—but,—mordieu! I came very *apropos*—

Maj. O'Con. Yes. So did I—or——

Marq. Mordieu! Major, I never could have imagined!—Such confidence as I placed!—I muſt—I will have *ſatisfaction!* [*Pronounced as French.*]

Maj. O'Con. *Satisfaction!* Have you not got ſatisfaction?—Don't you ſee the dear creature is ſafe?

Marq. Safe! Did I not meet you with my lady in your arms?

Maj. O'Con. To be ſure you did! and have cauſe to rejoice at it! Where's the wonder to ſee an Iriſhman with a lady in his arms?—Eſpecially when——

Marquise. Ah! *Mon ami!* when you ſhall come to know. [*The Marquis looks alternately at her and the Major, in great anxiety.*]

Maj. O'Con. Come, come, Monſieur!—I ſee you underſtand things without comprehending them!—But you're a huſband; and that accounts for it. [*Looking round.*] I wiſh I could have ſeized ſome one of theſe villains, at leaſt.—Oh what a father confeſſor would I have been to him!

Seymour *entering.*

Seym. Can it be true, as my people ſay, that a daring attempt has been made? [*Bows to the Marquiſe. An explanation, in dumb ſhow, takes place between her and the Marquis, during the Major's reply to Seymour.*]

Maj. O'Con. A daring attempt indeed, Sir! And ſo ſoon too, after our arrival on the turf! We'd hardly reached the ſtubble when the bird was ſprung! [*Smiling on the Marquiſe.*] Aye; and might have flutter'd for it, had not I ſecured her in the beſt of all cages! [*Forms a circle with his arms.*]

MARQ. [*Coming up to the Major.*] Ah! Monſieur le Major! I am ſo *obligé!*

Maj. O'CON. Aye, you can be talking of *obligé*, now! Awhile ago, it was *mordieu!* and *ſatisfaction!* But you're a huſband, and that accounts for it.

MARQ. *Pardon, Major!—Pardon!* [*Spoken as French.*]

Maj. O'CON. [*Shaking his hand.*] The eaſieſt thing in the world is to pardon where we've taken no offence.—In future, never imitate the example of unreaſonable huſbands; who are ever looking for more ſatisfaction than is to be found, even in matrimony!

SEYM. [*Aloud, after converſing apart with the Marquiſe.*] Say, Madam! Is there any perſon you ſuſpect?

MARQUISE. They were all *maſqués.* [*Looks round.*] Mr. Perkins does not join the company!

Maj. O'CON. There's meaning in that.—Let me be aſking you in confidence, jewel, if ever——? [*To the Marquiſe.*]

PERKINS *enters, with his hair and dreſs in diſorder.*

PERK. [*Aſide, as he enters.*] It would never do to hang back! [*Bows formally to each.*] Now for explanations!

SEYM. [*With marks of ſuſpicion.*] This diſordered appearance!——You ſeem confuſed, Sir!——Out of breath too!——

PERK. Well I may, Sir. 'Tis well I'm not out of exiſtence, too!—I've had a narrow eſcape for it!

SEYM. An eſcape? Where? How?

PERK. [*After a moment's pauſe.*] The villains!—However, I unmaſked one of them.

SEYM. Ha!—was that it?—How cautious ſhould we be againſt raſh judgment! [*To the Major.*] Doubtleſs the villains who——[*To Perkins.*] You unmaſked one, you ſay?

Maj. O'CON. And, of courſe, you muſt know the knave?

PERK. [*To Seymour.*] Yes, yes—One of them I had by the collar, thus! [*Collars the Marquis——To Seymour.*] You remember, Sir, the gentleman who was ſeized by Humphrey and Gregory, near the town larder!—Mr. Quickſcent, the dinner-hunter?

SEYM. And was it he who——?

PERK.

PERK. For him I won't be positive—His mask did not fall.—But, for another gentleman—— Need I name him, Sir? [*To Seymour.*] Irritated, no doubt, by your refusal of a second equipment; and the letter you wrote him——

SEYM. No more, Sir!—no more! Call Humphrey! call Gregory!—Let all go in pursuit this instant!—Let Topall be saddled—I'll myself pursue these desperate men! [*Exit.*

PERK. [*Aside.*] Both I saw lurking suspiciously about the premises. Now let them come forward with explanations. [*Exit.*

SEYMOUR *re-entering.*

SEYM. Pursuit, I find, were in vain. Humphrey saw the villains mount horses which they had concealed in the wood! and ride off towards town full speed. They shall not, however, escape I've sent to give information!

Maj. O'CON. The dear creature here, was the cause why I suffered all the knaves to escape.

PEG. [*Aside, and coming forward, after listening.*] Now will I be revenged on my old seducer! [*To the Major.*] All the knaves have not escaped, Sir.—A base old man! to make such an attempt on purity and vartue!

JAN. [*Aside, and peeping from the settee.*] Surely the jade does not mean to——?

PEG. [*To the Major, and going towards the settee.*] I say, Major, all the knaves have not escaped.—One, I saw hide himself——

JAN. [*To her, peeping and threatening.*] Huffy!—dare you to——?

PEG. And, as a proof of what I say:—see where he lies! [*Discovers Janus under the settee, and endeavours to pull him out by the leg.*]

Maj O'CON. So!—you old fox!—and were you one of them?

SEYM. Base old man!

MARQ. [*Tries to collar him.*] *Coquin!*

MARQUISE. *Monstre!* Oh the monster!

JAN. [*On his knees.*] As I live!—and am a philosopher, Major!——

Maj. O'CON. [*Seizing him by the collar.*] As you live and are a knave!—eh? [*Shaking him at each question.*] Do you remember the business with old Totter?—And the twenty pieces for Teddy?—And now nothing is to content

tent your philosophy but my charming Marquise? [*Beats him round the stage.*]

PEG. Lay on, dear Major!—Lay on!—Shew no mercy!

JAN. How! Hussy! do you cry, Lay on?

PEG. Oh yes. *Whatever is, is right*, you know!

JAN. Major, she agreed to——Jade! can you say you did not take my money?

PEG. Things will be as they *will* be! I took your money, and I'll keep it. Ha, ha, ha!

Maj. O'CON. Right, wench. Keep the knave's money, and I'll be paying him compound interest for it. [*Raising his whip again.*]

SEYM. Hold, Major! his base attempt deserves——I'll this instant commit him——

PEG. Now might I hang this old goat!—But no—as he gave me money, I'll spare him. [*To Seymour.*] He had no hand, Sir, in the attempt on the French lady's *vartue*.

SEYM. No?—Why, did not you say——?

PEG. No, no, Sir—I scorn to tell lies—All his dealings have been with me. [*Aside to Jan.*] I have so much in hand, you know! and the next time we treat, we shall be so loving! Ha, ha, ha! What a philosopher! What a fool is a philosopher in the hands of a clever wench!—Whatever is, is right!—Ha, ha, ha! [*Chucks Janus under the chin, and runs off.*]

JAN. [*To Seymour.*] I am sensible I make rather a foolish appearance. But—nay! hear me, Sir! hear me!—I have such a discovery to make!

SEYM. Hear you?—Leave my house, instantly!

JAN. [*Offering Hopeful's papers.*] For your own sake, Sir, peruse these vouchers!

Maj. O'CON. [*Holding up his cane.*] Be off with your papers and forgeries this instant, or——

JAN. [*Retiring.*] 'Tis in vain—I never shall get a hearing, now! [*Exit.*

SEYM. [*To the Marquise.*] Madam! Let me recommend some refreshment after your alarm. [*Offering his arm.*]

Maj. O'CON. [*Taking her arm.*] Nay, Mr. Seymour, I'm the dear creature's knight and squire. [*Going.*] And, Monsieur le Marquis!—

MARQ. [*Gaily*] Well, Major!—*eh bien!*

Maj. O'CON. When next you find your lady in my arms,

arms, remember that protection and honour have placed her there. [*Exit, with Seymour and the Marquise.*

MARQ. [*Following*] What a *gallant homme? Mordieu!* I am so *obligé!* [*Exit.*

SCENE, *the Road leading to Seymour's House.*

HOPEFUL *and* QUICKSCENT.

QUICKS. Come along, my friend—Come along!—There's the house! [*Looking round.*] What excellent pasturage!—and what *noble sheep!*

HOPEF. Stay!—You are sure the youth you met near the larder brings letters from my mother?

QUICKS. I am. He told me so. [*Looks round.*] What *noble sheep!*

HOPEF. And that he is now on his way to Mr. Seymour's?

QUICKS. He is. I heard the porter direct him hither. What *noble sheep!*

HOPEF. [*Musing.*] 'Tis most extraordinary! How these letters come to be addrest to——!

QUICKS. [*Seeing Leonora.*] Here comes the youth.—You may question him. What *noble sheep!* [*Looking round each time.*]

LEONORA *advances, drest in Man's Attire.*

HOPEF. [*To her.*] Pardon, Sir, the intrusion of a stranger——

LEON. Excuse me, Sir—I'm so impatient to——

HOPEF. Nay, Sir.—Let me entreat!—My friend tells me you bring letters from my mother——?

LEON. [*With astonishment.*] Your mother?—And, are you, then?—Heavens! how will Amelia rejoice!—Long, long has she despaired of ever—— No more!—conduct me immediately to Mr. Seymour.

HOPEF. Alas, Sir, I cannot!—I dare not!

QUICKS. How, cannot?—How, dare not?—What, not when the gentleman brings letters——? Give me the letters, Sir! and let me——!

LEON. [*To Hopeful.*] I'm all astonishment!—Say——

QUICKS. All that's to be said, Sir, is this;—that my friend Hopeful is rejected!—discarded!

LEON.

LEON. Is it possible? [*Aside.*] Ah! then his poor mother's fears are realized! [*To Quickscent.*] But—but, Mr. Hopeful discarded?

QUICKS. Yes, yes:—Perkins has taken good care of that!

LEON. Perkins? [*Aside.*] Ah, how I shrink at the name! [*To Quickscent.*] You know Mr. Perkins, Sir?

QUICKS. Know him?—Yes! and Mr. Seymour shall know him! all the world shall know him! the amiable woman he has lately married shall know him!

LEON. The amiable woman!—It is true, then, that he has lately married . . . . . ?

QUICKS. A young lady of large fortune, Sir—It was I who made the match, as I may say:—who planned the business:—who carried him through——

LEON. Indeed! He has been greatly obliged to you! [*Aside.*] And so have I!—Base man! and was this his motive for prevailing on me to retire to the continent?

HOPEF. [*With great emotion.*] Say, Sir—how is my poor mother in health?—Doubtless all anxiety?——And how come her letters to be addrest to——?

LEON. No more, Sir.—No more.—I cannot explain—I'm too impatient to . . . . . Follow me.—I've interest with Mr. Seymour. Though young and slender, I've a soul; I've a heart! and, if injustice has been done you, I'll see you righted! [*Aside.*] He is then married to another?—Base! base man! to delude me thus! [*Exit.*

HOPEF. [*After a pause.*] What am I to think?—How am I to act?—He promises to befriend me?

QUICKS. What think?—How act?—In, to Mr. Seymour, and make known your wrongs!—As to Perkins—say, I'm coming!—that's all

HOPEF. [*Going.*] You'll follow, and back me, then?

QUICKS. Follow?—Aye, aye. I'll back *you*, and front *Perkins*.—I've already sent him such a letter!—You'll see what an insolent puppy he'll make of himself!—But, lose not a moment!—In, to Mr. Seymour. [*Exit Hopeful.*]—How lucky, that I met this youth near the larder! [*Looking round.*] What excellent pasturage, and what *noble sheep!* [*Exit.*

An

An Apartment in Seymour's House.

PERKINS *reading Letters.*

PERK. Well, I always apprehended how matters would end!—Mr. Seymour's banker a bankrupt after all!—— "ruined—totally ruined!" Such are the words. [*Throws down the letter.*] This it is to be serving friends, as they are called! A cursed drawback on my expectations, by-the-by! Seymour's fortune, added to that of Louisa, would have—— But let's see the other scrawl. [*Takes up a letter.*] Ha!—Leonora's hand!—I thought——[*Opens the letter hastily, and reads.*]—Um—um—um— "My design was to have returned to England by the packet which brings this:"—So! that would have been the Devil!—[*Reads.*] "But, alas! Heaven wills it otherwise! Ere this is received, your Leonora will be no more!"—[*Pausing.*] Humph!—This corresponds with——Well!—we all owe Heaven a death!—and whether a woman pays her debt a few years sooner, or later——Now, a repetition of the ceremony with Louisa must be my first care.—There at least I shall be secure. [*Takes up the first letter and reads.*] "Ruined!—totally ruined!" [*Going*] Having witnessed Seymour's imperiousness in prosperity, I'm curious to see how he bears the reverse! [*Exit pompously.*

Another Apartment.

SEYMOUR *and* LEONORA.

SEYM. [*With letters.*] Heavens! what do I read?—what hear?—My son ought to have been restored at the appointed time!—But, lost!—lost on the coast of Barbary! [*Walks apart.*]

LEON. [*Aside.*] The suspense is cruel!—But I have yet to say who, and what *I* am.

SEYM. Lost, you say, on a barbarous shore?

LEON. *Wrecked* on that shore, Sir:—but whether lost, or a captive, your Amelia has never been able to learn.

SEYM. No?—Then I'LL know it, if I go in person! It is possible my poor boy may yet be found! [*Seeing Hopeful enter.*] Ha! this youth presume once more?

HOPEF. [*Aside.*] The suspense I cannot bear. I'll

know the worſt——I come, Sir—— [*Preſenting himſelf before Seymour.*]

SEYM. You come !—And, how dare you, Sir, preſume thus ?—eſpecially after your late baſe attempt in this houſe ?

HOPEF. In this houſe ?—Be aſſured, Sir, this is the firſt time I——

SEYM. I ſay, Sir, by what right—— ?

HOPEF. [*Firmly.*] By the right of a man, Sir—an injured man !

LEON. [*Aſide.*] Spoken like the ſon of—my diſconſolate friend !

HOPEF. I know, Sir, by what baſe arts——! But let me know by whom—— ? Say,—whom am I to call a calumniator ?—a villain ?

PERKINS *enters, and ſtands confuſed.*

SEYM. [*To him.*] Do you hear, Sir ?—a villain ! a calumniator !

LEON. [*Aſide.*] Baſe man !—Oh that he could ever have been my choice !

PERK. [*After wavering.*] Sir—I—I—underſtood that—that—he was to be admitted no more !—

HOPEF. In a word, Sir, ſay—has Mr. Perkins been the man who—— ?

SEYM. [*To Perkins.*] Anſwer for yourſelf, Sir.

PERK. [*Retiring before Hopeful.*] Anſwer ?——I—I—I perceive I ſtand on unfair ground here—But—but I ſhall find a time——[*Offering to go.*]

HOPEF. [*Preventing him.*] Nay, Sir, by the virtues of my mother ! you eſcape not thus !

LEON. By the wrongs of Leonora ! he does not—he ſhall not !

PERK. [*Aſide, and obſerving her attentively.*] The wrongs of Leonora ?—Ha !—who—— ?

LOUISA *entering, alarmed.*

LOU. I am ſure I heard the voice of threats and diſcord ! [*Seeing Leonora's emotion.*] Let me hope, Sir, that you and my huſband——! [*She then ſupplicates Mr. Seymour.*]

LEON. [*Aſide.*] Her huſband ?—Alas ! my unhappy rival !—In the preſence of one of my own ſex, I bluſh for the

the garb I wear. I'll retire, and change it for one more befitting the occaſion. [*Exit, looking tenderly at Louiſa.*

HOPEF. [*Menacing Perkins.*] And, are you the baſe wretch——?

LOU. Ah! Sir, on my knees I will requeſt —

HOPEF. [*Raiſing her up, and gazing on her with great emotion.*] Be aſſured, Madam, that I feel for—that I pity your fate too much, to add to the diſtreſs of ſuch ſuffering excellence! [*To Perkins.*] For the moment, let the *lady* protect you, Sir!

Major O'CONNEL *enters.*——SUSAN *entering after him.*

SUS. Pleaſe your honour, [*blubbering*] I hope your honour, who *is* a magiſtrate, will oblige Mr. Perkins to keep his word with me?

SEYM. How, Suſan?—Has he promiſed you——?

SUS. Marriage!—Holy matrimony! many a time and often, pleaſe your honour!—And unleſs he does ſomething, at leaſt, to befriend me, alas! alas! my *krakter* muſt be ruinated! [*Exit in tears.*

LOU. Juſt Heavens! and is it for this creature that I have been ſlighted?

SEYM. Wretch! Profligate! retire from my preſence, never more to——

PERK. [*Aſſuming courage in deſpair.*] Retire!—Sir—remember your own youthful pranks!—Aye, the brat, who, had he lived——

SEYM. Tempt me not farther! Baſe imp of ingratitude!

PERK. [*Keeping aloof.*] So! I'm to be ſpurned at?—menaced? in conſequence of the idle tales of idle women?——Nay, then the retort is ſweet! [*Gives Seymour the letter.*] There, Sir!—There!—read your fate! [*Seymour reads, and ſtands confounded. As the Major, &c. preſs round him anxiouſly, Perkins retires.*]

PERK. [*Returning, after a general pauſe of ſuſpenſe.*]—Well, Sir—you know the hand?—and the contents inform you——

SEYM. [*With reſignation.*] They inform me I am ruined, Sir.

PERK. [*Strutting about.*] Yes, yes, Sir: 'tis the natural conſequence of conduct ſuch as yours! And, after ſuch

treatment! ſuch indignities! never expect that *my* fortune is to—— For you, Mr. Hopeful——the point reſts with yourſelf, Sir.—You may yet find a friend in me.

HOPEF. [*With ſcorn.*] A *friend* in you?—Say, an *enemy*, Sir; and the ſound ſhall be grateful!—*You* a friend!

PERK. [*Ever avoiding Hopeful and the Major.*] I was imperiouſly ordered to *retire!* was I not?——Do *you*, Louiſa, retire with me.——How?—do you heſitate?—Obey your huſband, Madam!

LEONORA *enters, and looks full on him:—he ſtands ſilent and abaſhed.*

LEON. Obey her huſband?—No, Sir!—If that be a duty, it is *my* duty!

PERK. [*Aſide.*] Ha!—this phantom!—Curſe on my ſtars! how am I betrayed!

LEON. As the brother of Leonora, I might be unknown: but now!—now!—now is *Leonora* to be recognized!—— Baſe man!—and was this your view in ſending me to the Continent? [*Taking Louiſa's hand.*] Alas! alas! how do I pity you!

LOU. [*After a moment's pauſe of ſtupor.*] Pity *me?*—No: none!—none will pity the forlorn Louiſa! [*She faints.*]

HOPEF. [*Catching her in his arms.*] Heavens!—It is!—it is my Louiſa!—ſhe whom on the Continent—while in a convent——! The man who could behold ſuch ſuffering excellence!—thus deluded!—thus betrayed! and not—— Oh Major!

MAJ. O'CON. [*Taking her from his arms.*] So! on my conſcience, Mr. Hopeful, you ſeem as ready and as willing to faint away, as the dear creature herſelf!—I ſee how it is with you, my boy. [*Smiling on Leonora.*] Aye, and with myſelf too, jewel. [*To Hopeful.*] Come, I ſee you long to lend a hand. Only don't be ſuppoſing that an Iriſhman wants aſſiſtance in carrying off a lady! [*The Major and Hopeful bear her off.*]

SEYM. The loſs of fortune I can bear:—but this man's villainy confounds me.—And do I in you behold, Madam——?

LEON. The wife of—— I cannot—I will not pronounce the odious name!

Major

Major O'CONNEL, *returning.*

Maj. O'CON. Well !—this is a ſtrange hiſtory ! though not a new one. Believe me, jewel, [*To Leonora.*] I never dreamt that *one* and *one* made *two* in the buſineſs !—— However, in my eye, 'tis not amiſs, for once in a way.— [*Takes her hand.*] It were cruel to pull off, and not put on again, ſuch a pretty round ornament as this ! [*Shews the ring.*]

LEON. But, my rival ?—my friend ! for ſuch ſhe ſhall be ! let me fly to her relief !

Maj. O'CON. Oh, pray now be eaſy, jewel ! Mr. Hopeful is there. Well, if you will go, you muſt. But Hopeful won't thank you for interrupting him.

SEYM. How is the unhappy lady, Major ?

Maj. O'CON. Oh, ſhe bears it like an angel, Sir !— eſpecially, ſince I told her there was *no remedy !*

HOPEFUL *re-enters.*

But Mr. Hopeful, I believe, has been telling her quite a different ſtory. Well, now they're together, they can *confer notes*——They'll be ſuch a conſolation to each other ! And now, Mr. Seymour, ſay, what ſhall we be doing to this youth of all youths ? [*Offers to ſeize Perkins.*] Shall I beat him to a fiſh ?—or, will you commit him ? [*Seeing Louiſa return with Leonora.*] So, the beſt proof of the lady's recovery is her own dear ſelf. [*To Hopeful.*] To your poſt, you rogue !—and let me take mine. [*He attends Leonora, as Hopeful does Louiſa.*] There's ſomething like knight-errantry, in thus relieving diſtreſſed damſels : but they're ſweet creatures, and ſhall not be deſerted.—So ! is it true, Mr. Seymour, that you've loſt the dear fortune ?

SEYM. So this letter tells me. 'Tis a hard fate !—but I have credit—I have friends—and I'm not too old to retrieve it.

HOPEF. [*Earneſtly.*] Nor I too *young* to aſſiſt, to ſerve you, Sir.—'Tis true, you were prepared to diſcard me ! but that was the crime [*Looking ſternly at Perkins*] of another.

Maj. O'CON. Your hand—I'm ſorry you are not a countryman.

LOU. [*Kneeling to him.*] You received me with kindneſs, which I now muſt, now will repay.—My ample fortune

tune is, you know, at my own disposal. Every shilling will I place in your hands.

LEON. [*Also kneeling.*] Mine too, Sir—mine!

Maj. O'CON. And, if all offers are refused, mine shall not. We can all farm it together on my potatoe grounds in the dear country. [*To Leonora.*] Eh, jewel? [*To Seymour.*] Nay, Mr. Seymour, you may say *no* to eternity!—but while I say *yes*, the matter is settled!

HOPEF. [*Falling on one knee by the side of Louisa.*] Do not, Sir, refuse *my* service!

LEON. [*Earnestly.*] You know not, Sir, whose offer it is you refuse.

SEYM. How know not?—*Your* offer, fair ladies—the *Major*'s offer—*Hopeful*'s offer—*None* shall suffer from my misfortune.

LEON. [*Putting Hopeful's hand into his.*] *Hopeful's* offer?—*Hopeful?*—And is that the *only* name you will allow him?

SEYM. [*Greatly agitated, and looking at her and him alternately.*] The *only* name?—My heart forebodes!—What can I—what am I to say?

LEON. Say SEYMOUR, Sir!—SEYMOUR!—for that is the name he ought ever to have borne! [*They rush into each other's arms, and are silent.*]

PERK. [*Aside.*] Oh, had I but known this sooner!——HELL!—how I envy the fellow his fortune!

SEYM. [*To Leonora.*] Ah, Madam! why keep me in such suspense? My son!—Oh, my son! [*Embracing him anew.*] Why not——? Say, my boy!—had you no direction?—no documents, by which——?—no letter from your mother?

HOPEF. I had, Sir, but addrest to a Mr. BENFIELD.

SEYM. The name I formerly bore!

HOPEF. And being referred to a Mr. Janus——

Maj. O'CON. Janus?—Oh, the old knave!—Referred to him?—I no longer wonder you stepped into the wrong ditch! [*Seeing Janus.*] So! what have we here?—A ghost—or an apparition?

JANUS, *disguised as a Gypsey, with Hopeful's Papers in his Hand.*

[*Aside.*] It would never do to appear in *propriâ personâ*, after

after my late disgrace under the settee!—Under this snug disguise I may yet have a chance. [*Advancing, and pulling the papers from his bosom.*]

HOPEF. [*Observing, and getting behind him.*] As I live! my *credentials* in the hands of a gypsey!

JAN. [*Presenting them to Seymour.*] Nothing is more philosophical than that merit should be rewarded! [*Spoken pompously, en philosophe.*]

SEYM. More philosophical?—How comes an old woman to talk about philosophy?—But 'tis their cant, I suppose. [*Takes the papers.*]

JAN. I may hope, and expect, without *arguing the case*——?

Maj. O'CON. *Arguing the case?*—eh? [*Examining him closely.*] On my conscience! I believe 'tis an honest acquaintance of mine! But, if so, why in petticoats?—— [*Turning him round.*]

SEYM. My Amelia's hand!—Say—how?—where?

JAN. I hope you'll reward me!

HOPEF. [*Seizing the Major's cane, and tearing off his disguise.*] I will, at least!—you old impostor! [*Beats him round the stage.*] My father had to fly his country, eh?—you old knave!

JAN. So!—I did not expect!—Mercy!—Shame!—Beat a philosopher? [*Escaping.*] All's lost! Whatever is, is *not* right, now! [*Sneaks off.*]

SEYM. He must not escape; I'll commit him. So—Humphrey! Humphrey!—Stop the old fellow in black! Stop him!

HUMPHREY. [*Behind the scenes.*] He's off, please your honour: but I'm after him!

QUICKSCENT *entering hastily and merrily.*

QUICKS. Ladies!—Gentlemen!—Mr. Seymour!—Major!—Mr. Hopeful! [*Briskly, and bowing to each.*]

Maj. O'CON. So, my tight lad! who taught you to call over a muster-roll of civility?

QUICKS. [*To Seymour, who has been eyeing him closely.*] Yes, yes, Sir, I see you remember. But—but I bring you such news!

HOPEF. News?—Good?

QUICKS.

QUICKS. News for the gods! my friend, news for the gods! In the firſt place, old Janus——

HOPEF. Pſhaw! what of him?

QUICKS. Why, I juſt now ſaw him ſeized by two different parties; which both lay claim to him.

Maj. O'CON. A precious claim! And do they diſpute about it?

QUICKS. One party lays hold of him as a ſpy: the other for having robbed a poor-box!

Maj. O'CON. Then, tell them from me, to ſettle the difference: and as ſimple hanging were too good, let one party hang and the other gibbet him: and thus he'll come in for partial juſtice.

QUICKS. More news! if you pleaſe, more news! [*To Seymour.*] With ſuch exquiſite mutton as I have juſt ſeen on your ſpit, I wonder you don't look cheerful, Sir! Eſpecially, as the account given you by this gentleman—[*Pointing to Perkins.*]

HOPEF. [*Eagerly.*] Is——?

QUICKS. Falſe! my friend—Falſe! 'Twas I wrote the letter, on purpoſe to trick him! I'll anſwer for it, he gave himſelf a thouſand airs!—Eh? [*To Perkins.*] You'll diſown me *now*, I ſuppoſe, as you did at the larder? [*To Seymour.*] 'Twas I wrote the letter! I was once under-clerk to your banker: I imitated his hand—and, by cock and pye! 'twas I who wrote the letter!——Eh? Mr. Perkins!——what ſay you to it?—We're old friends, you know?

SEYM. [*To Perkins, who appears ſuppliant.*] Hence, Sir!—not a word. Hence! and be a guilty conſcience your puniſhment! [*Exit Perkins.*

QUICKS. [*Drawing his cutlaſs.*] Allow me to follow—[*Seymour ſtops him.*] Nay, Sir, I won't cut off his *head*:—only juſt *the ears!* [*Seymour quiets him.*]

SEYM. My fortune ſafe, after all?—Well, this *is* news!

QUICKS. It is, Sir. You'll not upbraid me about the larder? [*Seymour intimates that he will not.*] And I may hope to taſte your exquiſite mutton?

SEYM. Why, Sir, as it appears that you and my SON, here——

QUICKS. [*Capering about.*] Your ſon, Sir?—Your ſon?

My

My friend Hopeful your ſon ?—Oh rare ! Oh rare ! —I ſhan't have to ſkulk about larders now ! Give me joy, Ladies ! Gentlemen ! Major !—Dammy, if I'm not the happieſt fellow of you all !

Maj. O'Con. [*Holding Leonora's hand.*] Are you ſo ? —What ſay you and I to that ? [*Smiling at Hopeful, who holds Louiſa's hand.*]

[*The two Ladies diſengage their hands, and converſe apart; the Males congratulating each other in dumb ſhow.*]

Leon. [*To Louiſa, as they return.*] Yes, my friend— Together will we retire: far from the approach of deluding man: and derive conſolation from ſolitude and ſympathy!

Maj. O'Con. [*To both.*] Solitude and ſympathy ?—And are thoſe fit conſolations for diſappointed females ? Conſider, fair ladies, what a race of ſmiling cherubs would be loſt to the world on ſuch a ſyſtem ! [*To Hopeful.*] And will you and myſelf be ſuffering this ? [*Aſide.*] Never fear, you rogue ! I ſee they ſmile already; [*They laugh.*] and depend upon it they'll not refuſe us when it comes to the——

Marquise *entering with the* Marquis.

Marquise. Mr. Seymour, I do ſo rejoice !

Marq. *Oui!* Yes! *Mon amie!* All who can diſtinguiſh ſterling benevolence from the *papier maché* of coloured civility, muſt rejoice at Mr. Seymour's happineſs.

Marquise. [*To Hopeful.*] And Mr. *Young Seymour !*— I will give you one *baiſer* for Mr. Seymour's ſake; let the world ſay what it will ! [*Gives Hopeful a kiſs.*]

Maj. O'Con. I've known the time when I ſhould have envied him that favour. But now ! [*Preſſing Leonora's hand.*] Mr. Seymour, a word, and a bargain with you: You've got back a ſon who was loſt: and a fortune which was not loſt. Your joy is complete. To imitate happineſs is a bleſſed imitation ! as we ſay in Ireland. What think you then, ſhould Mr. Hopeful and myſelf—? [*Aſide to Hopeful, after ſmiling on the ladies.*] You rogue, I depart from all rule and precedent, in leaving you her with the large fortune ! Will you be giving us each a bleſſing, Sir ? [*Directing Seymour's attention to the ladies.*]

Seym. [*Half aſide.*] Nay, dear Major !—give time !—

give time!—Consider, *one* must get a divorce:—and then they've *both* had *such* a sample of matrimony!

Maj. O'Con. And is that any reason why they should not improve it—eh? jewels? [*To Hopeful.*] Why don't you speak, and second me? Did you ever know a lady in love with silence? Mr. Seymour! you'll be doing what you may with these fair charmers?

Seym. Rely on me, Major. Rely on me!

Maj. O'Con. Aye: and I rely on *them* also: for, they're too lovely and too sweet not to be kind. Well!—this whole scene reminds me of that loving couple, called a monkey and an elephant!

Leon. A monkey!

Lou. And an elephant!

Seym. The application, Major?—the application?

Maj. O'Con. The application?——Why;—when I look on you, your son, myself, and these fair creatures that are to be ours;—so lately disconsolate with good reason: and now looking pleasant, with ten times more reason:—is it not delightful to see the little monkey Joy thus smiling on the back of ugly Misfortune?

Seym. [*Grasping the Major's hand.*] It *is*, Major! it is! Nor shall the scene be lost for want of commemoration! Every year, at least, we'll assemble under one canopy;—and, as now, with hands and hearts united, exclaim—How pleasing!—how very pleasing it is—to be Grateful!

Maj. O'Con. [*To Leonora.*] Yes, and we'll teach the *little ones* to repeat it, too.

Quicks. And have such noble *dinners* on each occasion!

Maj. O'Con. [*To him.*] Dinners, eh?—[*To Leonora.*] I'm thinking, jewel!——

Leon. [*Archly.*] Of what, Major?

Maj. O'Con. Of what a smiling little fairy queen you'll be when placed in the centre—of my potatoe-grounds!

Quicks. And I'm thinking——

Maj. O'Con. Well, Sir!

Quicks. Of what exquisite *beef* you have in Ireland!

Maj. O'Con. [*To Hopeful.*] Your tight friend, here, can think of nothing but the beef!

Hopef. Oh, yes!—He can think of the *mutton*, too!—"What noble sheep!" eh? [*Jeering Quickscent.*]

Seym.

SEYM. [*Shaking Quickſcent's hand.*] Come, come!—never ſport with hard misfortune.

Maj. O'CON. Nay, nay—He can think of nothing but the beef! [*Smiling at the ladies.*]

SEYM. To think of the beef, Major, is natural; once at leaſt, the twenty-four hours.—Ourſelves favoured by Fortune, in a land favoured by Nature and by Heaven, let us hope that times may yet come, when a *ſmile o'er the beef* will be a *general* ſmile!—prompted by *Gratitude*, and inſured by *Plenty!* . . . . . .

QUICKS. Aye—but we muſt have *Peace* firſt, though—

SEYM. [*Continuing his declamation.*] ——That, as in good old times, Induſtry and Happineſs may go hand in hand—and that, at even the meaneſt cottage——

QUICKS. [*Interrupting him.*] Aye, at every *breakfaſt*, *dinner*, and *ſupper*,—not forgetting the *lunch!*——

SEYM. [*In concluſion.*] ——That this may be the toaſt throughout the land;—*May our children be happy and grateful as we!*

[*Exeunt: the Major ſupporting Leonora: Hopeful ſupporting Louiſa: Seymour the Marquiſe: and Quickſcent flouriſhing his cutlaſs.*]

THE END.